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## "THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



"Let us see if they can find us."

### CHAPTER X.

"What now to me the jars of life,  
Its petty cares, its harder throes?  
The hills are free from toil and strife,  
And clasp me in their deep repose."

"NOW," says Eric, "who is ready for the ascent of the Black Mountain?"

This question is addressed to the assembled party the day after our return to Asheville. The drive from Alexander's was very pleasant, and the next day is brilliantly clear—so clear that Eric says:

"If we were only on the Black, what a view we should have!"

"How far is it to the Black?" asks Aunt Markham, with a sigh. "Can we go and return in a day?"

"My dear mother, what are you thinking of?" says Eric. "It is a day's journey from here to the foot of the mountain. Then it takes the best part of the next day to ascend it; and when you are once on top you are very willing to spend the night there."

"Spend the night!—where?"

"In a cave."

"Eric!"

"I am not joking, I assure you—Charley will tell you that I am not. It is a very good shelter, and balsam-boughs make a capital bed."

"A cave!—balsam-boughs!" Aunt Markham looks so sincerely and utterly overwhelmed that the most of us cannot restrain a laugh. "It can't be possible, Eric," she says, majestically, "that you expect me to go on such an expedition as that?"

"Honestly, I don't think you would be likely to enjoy it," replies Eric, candidly. "You had better stay here, perhaps, while the rest of us go."

This proposal is not received so easily as it is made. Aunt Markham looks still more majestic. "You forget that there ought to be a chaperon in such a party," she says.

"I'm chaperon enough," answers Eric, coolly. "Haven't I been taking care of Alice and Sylvia all their lives, and can't I take care of them on the Black Mountain? But, if it will set your mind at rest on the propriety question, Mrs. Cardigan talks of accompanying us."

"I disapprove of Mrs. Cardigan," is on the tip of Aunt Markham's tongue, but she does not utter the words. The propriety question must, she thinks, be considered, and even the shadow of a chaperon is sometimes better than none.

"I suppose you invited her to join our party?" says Charley to Eric.

"On the contrary, she invited herself," he answers, quietly. "It was fortunate, perhaps, since I suppose she will do for a chaperon—eh, mother?"

"I think she stands very much in need of one herself," says Aunt Markham, severely.

Notwithstanding this unfavorable opinion, the matter is settled as Eric suggested. The idea of ascending a mountain on horseback, and spending the night in a cave, is more than Aunt Markham's philosophy is able to endure.

"Twenty-five years ago I might have done such a thing," she says, "but now—"

"I'd like of all things to see mother mounted on a horse," remarks Rupert, with a burst of laughter.

"You are an undutiful boy to wish to make game of your own mother—and you will never be gratified," says Aunt Markham.

Later in the day Mrs. Cardigan joins us, and we discuss the details of the expedition.

"The first essentials," says Eric, "are to provide ourselves with plenty to eat and plenty to wear. Unless we are careful on those points, we shall suffer with hunger and cold."

"Not a doubt of that!" says Charley. "The Black Mountain is the most famous place I know for becoming ravenously hungry and uncomfortably cold."

"But there is no reason why it should be so," says Mr. Lanier. "Surely it is possible for a party to take with them all that they are likely to need in the way of food and clothing."

"Not so possible as you might think. The air up there gives people appetites such as they never had before in their lives; and the nights are often so cold that no amount of clothing will keep you warm."

"But you make fires, do you not?" asks Mrs. Cardigan.

"We try to do so; but the balsam is the only wood to be had, and it is the hardest wood in the world out of which to make a fire. If you relax your attention to it for five minutes, it quietly subsides into a charred mass of black logs."

"What a prospect!" says Mrs. Cardigan, laughingly. "We are to be starved and to be frozen; and what is to repay us for all this?"

"The view," says Sylvia, "and the proud consciousness of standing on the highest point of land east of the Rocky Mountains."

"But it is extremely likely that you will not have the view," says Charley. "The rule on the Black is not to have it. People who live near the mountain will tell you that you might count on your fingers the days in the year when its summit is not wrapped in clouds."

"I think Mr. Kenyon must be endeavoring to dissuade us from making the ascent," says Mrs. Cardigan.

"It is certainly very kind of him to raise our spirits with such pleasant accounts of all that we are likely to encounter," says Sylvia. "But, in spite of hunger, cold, and clouds, we mean to go."

"I never doubted that for a moment," says Charley.

"With such an able commanding officer as Mr. Markham, I am sure there is no reason to apprehend any misadventures," says Mrs. Cardigan, turning her bright, brunette face toward Eric.

"An officer should not be complimented before his ability has been tested," he answers. "If it is settled that we start tomorrow, I must go and make arrangements for a supply of provisions."

He goes—rather glad, I think, to escape from the fair widow's bewitching glances. This lady is never at a loss for a subject, however. All men, from seventeen to seventy, she esteems her lawful prey, and, failing one, she falls back, with easy grace, upon another. She steps now out of the room in which we are sitting upon a balcony, and calls Mr. Lanier to admire the view of the mountains that lie in blue waves along the southern horizon.

"I am so glad that you advised me to

come to this place," we hear her say. "Down at the Springs one was so shut in by hills, that it was almost equivalent to being in an oven; but here we have these lovely distant views, and such a stimulating atmosphere. If I was so fortunate as to be like yourself, one of a pleasant party, how I should delight in scampering all over the country! But it is so depressing to be alone."

"I am sure there is no reason save your own choice, why you should ever be alone," says Mr. Lanier, gallantly.

"Mark my words, Sylvia," I say, aside, "Mrs. Cardigan has invited herself to accompany us to the Black—she will invite herself to accompany us still farther if we do not take care."

"Well, why not?" asks Sylvia, carelessly. "She is rather entertaining. Are you afraid for Eric's peace of mind?"

"Are you not afraid for Ralph Lanier's allegiance?"

She laughs.

"Not I. More attractive women than Mrs. Cardigan have tried to shake that—and failed."

I make no remark on this confident statement, but I think that there is a limit to the perseverance of most men, and that a man so persistently snubbed as Ralph Lanier might be excused for finding a balm for his feelings in the attentions of so charming a woman as Mrs. Cardigan.

The next morning we start on our expedition. The day is bright with the golden brightness of September, and has that serene charm of atmosphere which, in this great altitude, makes the autumn a season of delight. Obedient to orders, we load ourselves with wraps of all kinds, but we cannot imagine that we shall find need for half of them. Neither can we imagine that under any possible circumstances our appetites will grow large enough to consume the amount of provisions with which Eric fills the wagon.

"I think Mr. Markham must be preparing for a more extensive trip than we know of," says Mrs. Cardigan, with a laugh.

"Eric, do you mean to drive the phaeton?" I ask.

"Oh, pray do, Mr. Markham!" cries Mrs. Cardigan, eagerly. "I am so fond of sitting on the front seat, where I can watch the horses—and so fond of driving, too, when there is a gentleman by to take the reins if any thing should happen."

"That won't do!" says Eric, and he smiles as he looks at the speaker, who stands on the steps in her becoming costume and coquettish hat. "If you take the reins, you must be prepared to take the consequences also."

"I'll take any thing whatever, if you will only let me drive those beautiful horses," she says, gayly.

Sylvia rides, as usual; but Mr. Lanier's horse is unluckily lame, so he is obliged to leave it behind, and accept a seat in the phaeton. This necessity depresses his spirits, but Charley's are correspondingly high, and he cantered off by Sylvia's side with an air not calculated to remove his rival's depression.

With many last injunctions from Aunt

Markham not to break our necks, and to be sure and come back on the third day, we finally drive off. Our way out of Asheville lies toward the Swannanoa, and when we reach that stream we follow the stage-road immediately along its bank. The valley spreads fair and green around us, morning lights and shades are on the hills, a tender yet radiant haze drapes the far blue mountains, the river flows swiftly by, full of glancing brightness.

"This is the road which leads to Swannanoa Gap," says Ralph Lanier. "Do we follow it far?"

"For about twelve miles," Eric answers. "As far as Alexander's."

"I thought we left Alexander's on the French Broad," says Mrs. Cardigan, who is driving, and does it—as she does every thing—with grace and skill.

"This is another Alexander's—and a very different one," says Eric.

The road which for twelve miles leads directly up the valley of the Swannanoa, is uniformly good. We ford the river several times, and see it in all phases of its capricious loveliness, and with every possible background—now level farm-lands and purple hills, then a beautiful pass dark with overhanging shade, again a picturesque mill with the water flashing over its dam in a sheet of silver, or mountains rising behind mountains with patches of shadow on their deep gorges and wooded sides. Through all these varying scenes the river takes its way with sweet impetuosity, swirling in rapids, flowing still and deep between its banks, or rippling gayly over stony shallows.

"Swannanoa! well they named thee  
In the mellow Indian tongue,  
"Beautiful" thou art most truly,  
And right worthy to be sung."

says Mr. Lanier, who has found this verse on the back of a photograph.

"It is tame here, compared to what it is as it comes down the Black Mountain," says Eric. "Some glens on the stream there I have never seen surpassed for wildness and beauty."

"Shall we see them?" asks Mrs. Cardigan.

"If you like, and if you are not afraid of rattlesnakes, which abound in such places. Our course lies directly to the head-waters of the river."

"Great place for trout-fishing, isn't it?" asks Mr. Lanier.

"Splendid place," responds Eric. "You would suspect me of exaggeration if I were to say how many speckled trout I have caught there in a day."

"Oh, how delightful!" cries Mrs. Cardigan. "Can't I catch some, too, please? I am devoted to fishing."

Both gentlemen laugh at this.

"Are you prepared to go into the stream and wade?" they ask. "That is the way to fish for mountain-trout. The growth along the banks is so dense that no other mode answers."

"If you had given me warning, I should have brought a wading-costume along," she says; "but at present I am not provided for any thing of that kind."

On we go, bowling lightly and easily over the road along which the heavy stage jolts and bumps.

"This is the perfection of traveling!" cries Mrs. Cardigan.

The spirited horses, which are the pride and delight of Eric's heart, do not need a touch of the whip as they move forward in that long, swinging trot which seems pleasure instead of labor to thoroughbreds. All around us lies the brightness of the mellow day, and the varied glory of the mountain-landscape. Great hills stand bathed in sunshine or dappled with shade, while at their feet are coves in which the broad, low farm-houses stand, with sunny meadows and fields of waving corn.

At noon we reach Alexander's, where we stop for dinner, and rest two or three hours during the heat of the day.

"There is no need of haste in getting to Patton's," says Eric, with a shrug. "You will have quite enough of it, for we can't ascend the mountain until to-morrow."

This seems to us a provoking delay, but we are too well drilled to think of murmuring.

"Eric knows," says Sylvia to Mrs. Cardigan, who is bold enough to express some disapproval. "He has spent every summer since he was a boy in this country, and he is so enamored of it that I think he will end by living here altogether."

When we set forth again, the afternoon has little heat in its soft glory. After leaving Alexander's, we turn abruptly from the stage-road straight toward the dark mountains that stand like giants before us. As we advance, these great heights, which make others seem like pigmy hills, inclose us on all sides, wearing every tint of dark purple and blue. Their majestic loneliness, their wild grandeur, strike one with a sense of absolute awe. We look at them, in the everlasting fixity of their repose, and realize—as perhaps it has never chanced to us to realize before—the brevity and insignificance of our existence.

"I don't wonder that mountaineers, as a rule, are melancholy," says Sylvia, who is riding behind the phaeton. "If I lived always in the shadow of these mountains, I should feel their solemnity in every act of my life; I should never be able to throw it off."

"You think so because you never have lived in their shadow," says Eric. "If you did, you would soon discover that their solemnity, which strikes you so much now, would affect you very little."

"They emblem that eternal rest  
We cannot compass in our speech,"

she says, in a low voice, looking at the splendid masses as they tower against the sky, wrapped in eternal silence and motionless calm.

As we penetrate deeper into the mountains, our road leads up a narrow valley, along which a stream—clearer than crystal, if such a thing can be—takes its course, and crosses our road again and again.

"Is this the Swannanoa?" some one asks.

"It is Swannanoa Creek," Eric answers; "the branch of the stream which comes down from the Black."

The sun has dropped behind the hills that hem us in, and a few broken masses of gorgeous clouds are floating above the dark-blue peaks of Craggy, when we reach the house where we are to spend the night—Patton's, at the foot of the mountain. It is a rough place, poorly kept—hotels for tourists have not yet risen in these fastnesses—but the people, here as elsewhere, are civil, obliging, and ready to give us their best. Mrs. Cardigan grimaces a little over the room into which we are ushered; but it has at least the merit of cleanliness, which Sylvia points out.

"Will you want supper?" asks a gaunt woman, coming to the door while we are shaking off the dust of travel.

We reply emphatically that we will want supper, and probably manifest a little surprise at the question, for she goes on to explain it.

"I see you have your own purvisions," she says, "and I thought you might mean to make your supper off 'en 'em. Some folks does."

"That is the reason why some folks nearly starve on the top of the mountain," says Sylvia, with the air of one who knows all about such matters. "We don't mean to touch those provisions until we are on the highest peak of the Black."

"Here is something that we can touch, however," says Mrs. Cardigan, opening a basket of grapes, "and now let us go out for a walk."

The entire sky is flushed with a radiance which shows that the hidden sunset must be of unusual glory, when we leave the house, and, crossing the neglected yard, take our way to the stream that sings over its rocks not more than twenty yards distant. We enter a forest-road arched with shade, but, although we are not more than two steps from

of falling water, that we feel sure something specially worth seeing is hidden from our sight, and, nerved to desperation, plunge recklessly into the thicket. Only Mrs. Cardigan holds back and suggests snakes—but Sylvia laughs.

"You are quite as likely to meet a snake where you are as here," she says. "You can't possibly guard against them, so the best thing to do is to go where you like without thinking of them."

Encouraged by this philosophical view of things, Mrs. Cardigan follows, and we find ourselves in one of those glens of which Eric has spoken. Large boulders strew the channel of the stream, over and around which, in foaming rapids and cascades, the limpid water frets and whirls. A wilderness of ivy and rhododendron, interspersed with tapering pines and stately firs, makes a wall of green along the banks, and, as we spring from rock to rock until we find ourselves in the middle of the current, we agree that, for wild and romantic loveliness, we have scarcely seen this surpassed.

"Is it not strange," says Sylvia, "that the higher one goes in these mountains, the more luxuriant the forest-growth becomes? Look at that hill-side! It is like a tropical jungle."

"Oh, to be here when the rhododendron is in bloom!" cries Mrs. Cardigan, clasping her hands; and indeed everywhere that one turns, the broad, polished leaves of this "victor-wreath" of the mountains meets the glance.

We sit on the rocks, enthroned like mermaids, with the brawling stream around us, the rich, green hill-side towering in front, the absolute solitude of virgin Nature in every sight and sound. We do not observe that the sunset radiance fades from the patch of sky immediately over our heads, and the soft gray tints of twilight begin to steal over the scene, until steps and voices on the hidden road rouse us to a realization that our companions are in search of us.

"Hush! not a word!" whispers Mrs. Cardigan. "Let us see if they can find us."

"Here!" says Eric's voice. "Don't you see that they have broken through here? We'll find them out in the stream there."

"I see some figures—dryads and naiads, perhaps—on the rocks," says Charley, forcing his way through the dense *chaparral* of ivy and laurel.

The dryads and naiads answer with a laugh.

"Here is an excellent place if you would like another plunge-bath, Charley," I say, pointing to a crystal pool just below the rock on which I am seated.

"I wonder you ladies were not afraid of snakes," remarks Mr. Lawler, glancing round apprehensively as he makes his appearance through the bushes and over the trailing vines.

When we stroll slowly back, the cool, clear dusk has fallen. On our right the mighty peaks of the Black stand dark against the sky; immediately in front are the fantastic outlines of Craggy; overhead the moon is shining from a deep-blue sky, and the air has a freshness that is suggestive of frost.



"Mrs. Cardigan suggests snakes."

the creek, we can only obtain glimpses of its flashing beauty, so dense is the growth along its banks. At length we hear such a tumult



"What a different atmosphere from that of Asheville!" says Sylvia; "and if it is so cool here to-night, what will it be on the mountain to-morrow night?"

"Cold enough to need all your wraps—and more besides," answers Eric.

We find a fire very pleasant when we return to the house. We gather round it after supper, and, with no other light than the ruddy, flickering blaze, talk until late bedtime. Eric and Charley try each to "top" the other's stories of adventures, and, if they do not succeed in this, they at least interest and amuse their audience, while Rupert sits by drinking in every detail with absorbed attention.

"What a feast is in store for you!" says Eric, suddenly laying his hand on the boy's shoulder. "I luckily encountered an old acquaintance of mine this afternoon, who will be our guide to-morrow. His name is Dan Barnett, and he is one of the most famous hunters of this region. He will tell you bear-stories by the dozen."

"He shall tell them around the camp-fire to-morrow night," says Mrs. Cardigan. "How delightful and picturesque!"

"Since I have had no adventures with which the present party are not familiar, I shall make a diversion in the order of entertainment, and tell a ghost-story," says Sylvia.—"Attention, Rupert! I know you are almost as fond of ghosts as of bears."

We can all follow this lead, so half a dozen indifferent ghost-stories are told, and provoke more laughter than terror. Then we say good-night, and separate. We find the atmosphere of our large, unwarmed chamber very chilly, but Sylvia stoutly declines to stop up a broken window-pane.

"We had better accustom ourselves to the climate," she says. "To-morrow night we shall be much colder, without any window-panes at all."

The house has been given up to our occupation—the family retiring to a smaller one across the yard—and the lights are scarcely out and things grown quiet, before a strange noise (apparently caused by the shuffling of many feet) is heard on the piazza upon which our door opens.

"What is that?" asks Mrs. Cardigan.

"Ghosts, perhaps—or bandits," answers Sylvia.

"Bears," I suggest. "This is a bear-country."

"But I never heard that bears invaded houses—in platoons, too," says Mrs. Cardigan. "Listen! the noise is immediately by our door. Upon my word, I don't like this! If the door was locked it would be a different matter; but to have nothing but a chair between us and—and we don't know what!"

"It is certainly dreadful," says Sylvia, with a laugh in her voice. "It is queer. Somebody, or several somebodies, seem to be pulling something down. I tell you what—a light spring to the floor—"I can see through the window what is going on. It is moonlight, you know."

Her bare feet trip noiselessly across the room, she pulls the curtain back from the window, looks cautiously out, and then bursts into a laugh.

"Hounds," she says. "There are several of them, and they are doing their best to get into our provisions."

"Hounds!" repeats Mrs. Cardigan, and she, too, springs to the floor. "Drive them away, for mercy's sake! If they devour our provisions, we shall have to go back to Asheville."

The window is raised forthwith, and two voices in energetic chorus bid the hounds depart—which they do immediately. Then, having routed the enemy, they are about to return to bed, when I suggest that it will be inconvenient to repeat this performance all night.

"You have repelled one attack," I say; "but those dogs will make another in ten minutes. Don't you think it might be well to bring the provisions in?"

"Impossible," says Mrs. Cardigan; "it would be an hour's work. Mr. Markham has food for a regiment there."

"We had better bring them in," says Sylvia. "As Alice says, it will never answer to leave them there, unless we appoint a watchman."

"It was shamefully careless of the boys to leave them," I say—from the force of old habit we still speak of Eric and Charley as "the boys." "They ought to be waked, to take them in."

"But who is to wake them?" asks Mrs. Cardigan.

"They sleep like the seven sleepers," says Sylvia. "We might thump on their door for an hour without rousing them. Come, let us do it ourselves."

So we do it ourselves. Perhaps the



"Three spectral, white-robed figures."

hounds, if they have any sense of humor, and are not too hungry, enjoy the scene from a distance—three spectral, white-robed figures engaged in conveying into safe quarters various baskets and packages of edibles.

"There," says Sylvia, when we bring the last within the door, which is fastened again with a chair; "now we will let those careful

gentlemen wonder where their provisions are to-morrow morning."

This kindly intention is carried into effect. We are awakened early by a thump at our door, and Rupert's voice shouts, "Time to be up!" Then this young gentleman proceeds to the end of the piazza where a tin basin is placed for the use of the public. Hardly a minute elapses before we hear an exclamation. "Thunder!" he says. "Brother Eric, O Brother Eric, where are the provisions?"

"Where are what?" asks Eric, coming out on the piazza. "Did you ask about the provisions? Why, where are they? Did anybody take them into the house last night?—Charley, did you?"

"Not I," answers Charley's voice. "Have they disappeared? No doubt somebody put them away—Harrison, most likely."

"No, sir, I didn't," says Harrison, appearing on the scene; "but there's hounds here, and they may have carried 'em off."

"By Jove!" says another voice—the dimmed voice of Mr. Lanier. "But hounds would have devoured the food where they found it."

"It's all gone, anyway," says Rupert. "Harrison, look about. The baskets must be somewhere. I know they were left here, for I saw them just before I went to bed."

"And might have thought of bringing them in," says Eric.

"We ought to tell them—really we ought!" says Sylvia, with a laugh.

"Don't do any thing of the kind," says Mrs. Cardigan. "Let them look and wonder."

We hear a great deal of searching, and such exclamations as, "Very mysterious, by George!" "What the deuce could have gone with the things?" and preserve, I regret to state, a profound silence, until there comes another thump on our door.

"I say"—it is Rupert's voice again—"do you happen to have the provisions in there?"

"The provisions!" answers Sylvia, in a tone of innocent surprise. "Pray, what should we be doing with the provisions?"

"Well, they have disappeared—" Rupert begins, when I interpose with the truth.

"They are here, Rupert," I say. "We brought them in last night to keep them from the dogs. But you deserve to have had them eaten, for your carelessness."

"They've got 'em!" we hear Rupert report a minute later, "and we owe them a good turn for not saying a word all this time."

There is so much preparation necessary for our departure that it is some time after breakfast before we start. About eight o'clock the guide arrives—a stalwart, broad-shouldered man of thirty-six or eight, with a frank, sunburned face, and a suggestion of the soldier as well as the hunter in his appearance.

"What a study for a picture!" says Sylvia. "What a thorough type of the mountaineer! If he only wore a Tyrolean hat, now!"

"Like a brigand in an opera!" says Charley. "What ideas women have, to be sure! Why, if you looked at it from the right point of view, that old felt is as much more picturesque as it is more comfortable."



"I suppose you flatter yourself that *yours* is picturesque," she says.  
 "Not quite so much so as Lanier's Eng-



The Guide.

lish hat, perhaps, but sufficiently so for my taste.—Hallo, Burnet!—which is the pack-horse?"

"This one," answers Mr. Burnet. He has brought with him three horses and a mule. One is led up to the piazza and loaded with a number of shawls, several quilts—which Eric insists upon borrowing from Mrs. Patton—and the provisions, which have been packed pell-mell into an enormous bag. Side-saddles are placed on the others, and loud are Sylvia's remonstrances when she finds she is not to be allowed to ride Bonnille.

"I can't permit you to put your neck in jeopardy by riding a horse not accustomed to climbing," says Eric, authoritatively. "These animals have been reared on the mountains, and are as sure-footed as goats."

"They are quite as ugly," remarks the young lady, ungratefully. Then she glances from their tall, raw-boned proportions to the small, round mule which stands by, composedly switching its tail. "If I can't ride Bonnille, I will ride *that*," she says.

"A very good choice," observes Mr. Lanier. "Mules are not handsome, but they are better on mountains—because more sure-footed—than horses."

"They are only slightly inclined to prefer their own way," says Charley, "and two of a trade never agree."

Sylvia does not condescend to notice this remark. She mounts the mule—disregarding the laughter which we cannot restrain—and announces that she is ready. Mrs. Cardigan and myself are elevated on the tall mountain-steeds; the gentlemen mount the lowland horses, on which they do not hesitate to risk *their* necks; the guide, with his axe on his shoulder, leads the pack-horse in front—and so we start.

## THE HEIRS OF THE BODLEY ESTATE.

### A STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### DINNER AND DESSERT.

DINNER was announced shortly, and Mr. Bodley escorted Miss Northumberland, Mr. Tyrel gave his arm to Miss Bodley, Mrs. Byles fell to M. Bodelet's share, while Mr. Byles, Mr. Umbelow, Mr. Pecker, and myself, followed the others. In the arrangement of guests, Miss Northumberland and Miss Bodley were on either side of the host; Mr. Umbelow had a seat next to Miss Northumberland; while my place was between that gentleman and Mr. Pecker. But the table was round, and ten people seated at it were none of them far apart. I could not help observing the new-comer, who sat between Mr. and Mrs. Byles. Mr. Byles pounced upon him as soon as dinner began, and it seemed as if M. Bodelet could scarcely be even civil to Mrs. Byles; but in a few moments he was talking courteously to her, whose face was wreathed in smiles, while Mr. Byles had attacked Mr. Pecker on his left. How was it done? Simply, so to speak, by a single gesture and word, with which he released himself and paid no further attention to the husband. Mr. Pecker, however, was bound hand and foot by his relentless neighbor.

"Bodley Hall," said Mr. Byles, "will unquestionably be the place for my convention. The claims of humanity in council are paramount. All minor considerations must give way."

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Pecker, politely interrupting him, "my own collections are not to be despised, not at all. They represent the result of years of toil, and will prove of great value to the man of science—of very great value. Now, when I was in Canton—"

"Bring your collection, Mr. Pecker, if you want to," said Mr. Byles, loftily, "reptiles and all. There will be room for you. Man as a scientific investigator shall have a place in the convention, but not the highest place. He will be graded according to the object of his research, but mind will dominate mere matter."

"Mere matter!" exclaimed Mr. Pecker, getting excited, and laying down his knife and fork. "Did you ever see a cobra? Say, did you ever find a cobra in your shoe?"

I interposed hurriedly.

"Mr. Pecker," said I, and he turned sharply on me, but with an odd, apologetic expression, "I understood you to say you had been in Canton. Now, I suppose the English and American colonies are not very considerable there. Did you ever happen to meet with a Mr. Townshend, a young American, there, in the house of Cumberland & Co.?" I caught Miss Bodley's eye at this moment, and found her looking with amusement at me.

"Townshend!" said Mr. Pecker. "Why, bless my soul, do you know Townshend?"

I was triumphant. My first shot had brought Mr. Pecker down.

"Indeed I do," said I, "he was an old schoolmate of mine."

"I know Townshend," said the grave voice of Mr. Umbelow, at my side. "He spent a few weeks at the islands while his vessel was undergoing repairs."

Miss Bodley burst into a laugh.

"Mr. Penhallow, you have drawn a prize at the first turn of the wheel. I think you will establish your theory."

"Theory? What theory?" demanded Mr. Byles, while the whole table now stopped its talk to listen. I was a little confused by this concentration of interest on me, but answered his question, though my eyes rather fell on his neighbor, M. Bodelet.

"I ventured the assertion to Miss Bodley that, given an accidental company like this, of persons who are in the main introduced to each other for the first time, if only the right questions are asked and the right clew followed, it will turn out that they all have some mutual acquaintance, some personal connection—have something in common, in fact, of a personal nature; that there is an invisible thread connecting each which a sudden pull will sometimes discover."

"I deny it," said Mr. Byles, loudly.

"Well," said I, "as an illustration, it turns out that Mrs. Byles and I have already discovered that we met one another a dozen years ago. Mr. Umbelow, here, and I, have found that I knew his brother-in-law; and now it seems that he knew my old schoolmate, Jack Townshend, whom Mr. Pecker also knew. My theory has so far worked well, and, if I fail to substantiate it in every case, I shall think the fault lies in my method of investigation. I don't ask the right questions."

"Now, look here," began Mr. Byles; but M. Bodelet laid his hand on his arm.

"Pardon me, Mr. Byles. I am a little curious to test Mr. Penhallow's theory myself.—Did I not meet you at the cave in Mission Hill, near Neu-Braunfels, in Texas, two or three years since? My memory of faces is not always so true as my memory of voices, and yours I recall."

"Near enough!" said I, delighted. "Pray tell me, did I have two boys with me?"

"Yes, two lads, to whom you told me you were tutor."

"Well, Miss Bodley," said I, "I am well content to find a gentleman here who met my brother Winthrop, who was traveling as tutor to two lads in Texas, and spent several weeks in Neu-Braunfels."

"I am completely convinced," said she, "and have no doubt that we met before last night in some stage of existence."

"Yes," said I, triumphantly, "in the print-room of the British Museum."

"The meeting was on one side, then," said she, and returned to a conversation with Tyrel. I was aware at this point of a movement on my left, and, turning, found that Mr. Umbelow was cautiously making notes under the table, meanwhile looking as blank as a tombstone. He was deep in conversation with Miss Northumberland, who sat primly between him and Mr. Bodley, and seemed

hardly to know what to make of her neighbor's questioning.

"Miss Northumberland has been giving me some account," he said to Mr. Bodley, "of the mode of life in English country-houses. I am of the opinion that, to an American, there is no life so seductive as that which falls to the share of the owner of an English manor-house. If I were now occupying Bodley Hall, I fancy I should find a certain mental contentment which is not to be despised."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Bodley, with a gentle impatience, "and, as I said before, I shall be glad to extend an invitation to you when I am fairly settled there."

"No," said Mr. Umbelow, calmly, "possession is essential. A mere guest, I should fail to find what I wish. I must go as the lineal descendant and rightful heir.—You are acquainted with the family pedigree, I believe, Mr. Tyrel?"

"Yes, sir, I am. Mr. Bodley here is the only heir in direct line."

"I should be glad to look at the papers to-morrow," said Mr. Umbelow, with the same stolid composure.

"An American never can inherit the estate," said Miss Northumberland, severely. "Never! They have lost their rights by their unfilial conduct;" and she sat erect, as if she were Britannia herself rebuking her disobedient colonies. "Besides, it is a howling wilderness," she added, somewhat illogically, but with equal tartness.

"I don't know about that, ma'am," twanged forth Mr. Byles. "I rather think Americans have a right to come back and pick up a few things they left when they went off two centuries ago. John Paul Jones thought so, and, if the cause of the science of humanity demands it, there is a way to bring about a good many things. A good deal has to give way before that, ma'am."

"Well," said Mr. Pecker, good-naturedly, "man wants but little here below, very little, and I only ask a place to arrange my collections in. I must say I had rather set my heart on Bodley Hall."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said M. Bodelet, rising, "I give you a toast: Long life and health to our honored host, Paul Bodley, of Bodley Hall."

We all rose to our feet, Mr. Byles last of all.

Mr. Bodley looked over the little group before him, and waved us to our places again. He moved the articles before him nervously back and forth, but his voice presently found itself, and he said, as nearly as I can remember:

"My friends and kinsfolk, you honor me much by your presence here. This poor table is a very faint sign of the hospitality which in my heart I would offer you all. I look forward to the day, not far distant"—and he bowed to Tyrel—"when I may hope to gather you and others under the ancestral roof of Bodley Hall. I am but a poor representative of the family, but I hold that the first duty of an English squire is to set an abundant table, and make his house the true *hospitium* for all who may call him neighbor. I do not look to this inheritance to which I

am called as a means for enriching myself, but I feel the honor of bearing the standard of a true English name, of making one more centre of English domestic life, of carrying forward my country's glory in the old, true, honorable way. I am a poor man, my friends, but I am a good Englishman, and I am proud of the Bodley family, because it is a good old English family, with an honorable bearing. There is an end to each one of us, separately, but there ought never to be an end to our country, our church, and our family. I give you a toast, 'The Bodleys, wherever found,' and I will call upon M. Bodelet to respond."

We all clapped, and M. Bodelet rose and bowed, and said a very few words.

"I am, indeed, a stranger," said he. "Another nationality divides me in part from you, but I have noticed that, the world over, like finds like, and there are common hopes and common endeavors which join us quickly and make us know one another. I am not myself over-quick at making friends, but, when I find one whose face is luminous with honesty and honor, I would sacrifice much to know and be permitted to venerate him."

"Good, good!" said Mr. Pecker, jumping up. "I will offer my toast: The ladies, God bless 'em! Their faces always make us at home."

Mr. Tyrel rose with most suave manner.

"Permit me to respond," said he, "to this very worthy toast. We lawyers have to make our way through a great many tortuous channels. The course of true love, as the poet says, does not always run smooth, but the longest lane has a turning; and, when there's a lady at the other end, any lane seems short. I find myself in an embarrassing position—a bachelor, on the sunny side, though—ladies about me, fair and—admirable. We are all like moths, and we keep coming back to the candle, nevertheless."

He sat down, but his gallantry somehow had a depressing effect upon the company. It was not long before the ladies rose, and Tyrel with many bows opened the door for them.

Miss Bodley hesitated—I could almost fancy she would stay—then in a constrained way she said to Tyrel in a low tone:

"You will not stay long."

"I cannot," he replied, impressively.

"I was thinking of my father," said she, simply, and passed out.

Tyrel returned to his place, and we took our seats again. He began to pass the wine, emptying his own glass with a swagger and an offensive air of familiarity toward Mr. Bodley.

I saw that M. Bodelet, disengaged from the groups of talkers, sat quietly observing the rest of us. Tyrel had thrown himself back in his chair, and was lordling it over the gentle Mr. Bodley. Byles and Mr. Pecker were engaged in a conversation growing more and more animated, Mr. Byles apreading his great hand upon the table with emphasis, while poor Mr. Pecker was energetically nodding and interrupting him with thrusts of his forefinger. Mr. Umbelow turned to me.

"You may have noticed that I keep a note-book. I find it very instructive to take down characteristic remarks of English people. They serve as foundation for generaliza-

tions. Now, these people here, and the ladies who have left us, constitute together a piece of English society."

"Pardon me," said I. "Is it not straining a point to set down this company as English, when half at least come from outside England?"

"It is English because it is created by the eccentricity of an old Englishman. No where else could there be found one acting upon such irrational grounds."

"It is hardly the place," I replied, in a low tone, "to take up the cudgels for our host, but I prefer to call this the act of a thorough, true-hearted, noble man."

"Mere eccentricity—mere eccentricity, harmless, irrational," said Umbelow, serenely, jotting down the words, apparently, in his note-book beneath the table.

"I say, Mr. Bodley," at this point sounded Mr. Byles's strident voice, "this is a good time for hearing allabout the estate. I move Mr. Tyrel give us a succinct account of the condition of things, a sort of budget you call it here in England," and he settled back in his chair expectantly.

"It's nobody's business," said Tyrel, sharply, "but Mr. Bodley's and mine. Dinner's dinner. We're not in chancery here anyway."

"I don't know about that," retorted Mr. Byles. "I'm mighty curious to know if you are the same Mr. Tyrel who came over to America several years ago and set all the Bodleys there agog, promising 'em the estate and I don't know what else."

"No!" said Mr. Tyrel, with an oath.

"My wife says you look amazingly like that man."

"When a gentleman makes an assertion," said Tyrel, with a snarl, "he intends to be believed," and he turned again to Mr. Bodley.

"I'm glad he wasn't you," said Mr. Byles. "That Tyrel—the one that came to America—ran away with somebody's daughter, and when he went back to England forgot to take her with him. She was a Bodley, too, I heard; hunted up some of my wife's folks—Cynthia was her name, I remember. Ha!"

We all started up in sudden horror. Mr. Bodley was on his feet, and suddenly transformed into the image of King Lear. The picture which I saw the night before was reproduced here to the life—the face was on fire with a tremendous anger, the hands were uplifted, and he looked as if he were about to bring down some terrible blow of a curse upon the head of Tyrel, who stood near him, perfectly quiet apparently, but with a quick breathing and a nervous grip of his hand upon the chair in which he had been seated. In a moment, as we all stood stunned, M. Bodelet walked quickly forward, and with a gesture turned Tyrel aside, stood between him and Mr. Bodley, and took the old man's hand, which was falling in a helpless way to his side. I was starting to call Miss Bodley, but he arrested me with a shake of his head.

"Sorry I raised such a row," said Mr. Byles, awkwardly, but he too was stopped. M. Bodelet had indeed taken the old man in his own arms and was gently smoothing his head. It was while he was thus engaged, and

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we were standing dumb and uncomfortable, that the door opened and Miss Bodley reappeared. There had been no noise. It was, I am persuaded, a kind of filial instinct which had brought her back. She saw her father in M. Bodelet's arms, she saw his quiet, firm, and gentle demeanor, and to my surprise she burst into tears. Tyrel stepped forward. She recoiled from him quickly. M. Bodelet spoke.

"Have no fears, Miss Bodley. It was only a momentary agitation. If these gentlemen will join the ladies, I think Mr. Bodley will soon recover."

We all started for the door, glad, I am sure, of any chance at getting away from so uncomfortable a scene. We found Miss Northumberland fanning herself in a stately way, while Mrs. Byles was eying her curiously as if she were some strange domestic animal that she would like to touch just for once. In a few minutes M. Bodelet joined us. He turned to Miss Northumberland and said:

"Miss Northumberland, Miss Bodley begs to send her profound regrets. Mr. Bodley has been taken ill and requires her close attention. She fears that she may not be able to return to the company."

"Then I will send my sincere respects to Miss Bodley," said the lady, folding her fan, and rising, "and trust that her honored father may recover speedily. I will send my maid in the morning to inquire concerning his health," and she courtesied gravely and left the room. The rest turned to M. Bodelet as to the host.

"Oh, is he very ill?" asked Mrs. Byles, plaintively.

"It is impossible to tell now," said he.

"Come, Maria," said Mr. Byles. "We won't stand talking here. Get your things on. I've got a meetin' I want to attend," and he went out with her.

"I've seen just such strokes, just such strokes," said Mr. Pecker, impressively. "I think I heard once of a remedy," and he plunged his fingers into his pockets as if he hoped, by some hocus-pocus, to produce it. "Well," he added, cheerfully, "good-by; you'll bring him round, quite round," and he bowed himself out. Mr. Umbelow had been standing, in a sort of dazed way, but now said:

"I should like to inquire into the character of these attacks. They might solve some problems."

"You forget," said M. Bodelet, "that I am quite as much a stranger to Mr. Bodley as yourself. Mr. Tyrel probably can answer your question better."

"He has them twice a day on the average," said Tyrel. "I never saw him quite so violent before, and he seems to have selected me to show himself off on this time."

"How long do these attacks last?" asked Mr. Umbelow, who seemed to be fumbling for his note-book.

"He won't get over this before you go," said Tyrel, snappishly.

"Then I'll go," said he, buttoning his coat slowly, and backing out of the room.

"Mr. Tyrel," said M. Bodelet, "do you know of a good surgeon in the neighbor-

hood? Miss Bodley tells me that she never has had occasion to call any one in."

"There's no occasion now," said he, seating himself as if he meant to stay. "It'll be over presently."

"This time it is different," said M. Bodelet; "and you will do Mr. Bodley a great favor if you will find a surgeon. Perhaps Mr. Penhallow will do the errand for you if you will put him in the way of it."

"Gladly!" cried I.

Tyrel hesitated a moment; but a certain resolution in the Texan's eye and manner got the better of him, and he rose and went out with me, leaving M. Bodelet in the room alone.

"Well, of all the pieces of cool impudence," said the lawyer, angrily, as we stepped into the court, "this is the coolest. Look here, young man, you're all a pack of adventurers setting on the old gentleman. A nice mess you've made of it. Do you know your way about here? There's a surgeon in Adams Street off the Strand—Rossiter. Look him up; but you'd better not tell him what a poor fool he'll find. He's like the rest of you—will want all the old man's money. But he won't find any. It will come out of my pocket in the end, of course."

With that he turned on his heel.

I made my way to Adams Street, found Mr. Rossiter, and walked back with him to Mr. Bodley's house; but I would not go in. I waited outside. It was an hour before the surgeon reappeared.

"How is Mr. Bodley?" I asked.

"He has had a shock of paralysis which has affected one side. It is impossible yet to tell what the result will be. But he is well attended. There is a young man there who seems to understand himself."

I went to my solitary rooms in Fountain Court. How hard I found it to people them with their former occupants! The living who had entered into my life crowded those out.

## CHAPTER V

### THE TRUE HEIRS—THE REAL ESTATE.

I WENT the next morning to Northumberland Court with the purpose of inquiring after Mr. Bodley's health, yet with a reluctance to entering the house which I did not try to explain to myself. Just as I entered the court I encountered M. Bodelet coming from it.

"Ah!" said I, "I am very glad to meet you. I was just going to inquire concerning Mr. Bodley this morning. Perhaps you can tell me. I do not want to disturb the family."

"I have just come from the house," he said. "Mr. Bodley remains the same as when I left him last night, I am told. Beyond a doubt, he is paralyzed; and it is impossible to say what the immediate result will be." We had turned, and were walking slowly toward the city. "Tell me about your brother," said he, suddenly, taking my arm in a friendly fashion. "I had a slight acquaintance with him in Texas, as I told you. In fact, I am so much of a stranger here in London that I am almost ready to

believe I knew him very well, for the sake of claiming you as an acquaintance by one remove." He laughed lightly.

"Well," said I, "I am quite willing to use my brother as an 'instrument of association,' as the political economists say. He was in Texas just after he left college. Now he has been admitted to the bar, and has begun practice in Boston. I wish he were here now. I should like to set him to looking into the Bodley estate business."

"Do you, then, regard the matter as a serious one?" and my companion looked at me attentively with his clear, gray eyes.

"I know nothing about the estate," I said. "It was an old family joke with us, and I suppose at one time there must have been some foundation for all the noise made about it. What I should like to know," I continued, with some hesitation, "is just what part Mr. Tyrel is playing."

"Mr. Penhallow," said he, "I am frank to say that I share your distrust; but, in my judgment, a clear understanding would not be reached by a simple knowledge of the present condition of this case, if there is any case in court. That is one thing, and it might throw some light; but I am confident that Mr. Tyrel must be, in this matter, something else than a mere legal adviser. Perhaps it is none of our business to speculate about this thing. We are not likely, either of us, to put in any claims—"

"But I think," said I, interrupting him with the words which I was sure he would use, and in which I wanted to anticipate him, "that we have both a right and duty to prevent, if we can, any thing like fraud or evil design."

"Exactly," said he; "only let us be quite clear that we are not persuaded that there is evil design simply because we have conceived a prejudice against the agent."

"I would not set up my instinct alone," said I; "but it is very plain to me that Miss Bodley has an antipathy to him."

"Yet she allows him to manage matters," said M. Bodelet, thoughtfully. "If he were an evil man, she has both the intuition to perceive it, and quite complete power with her father."

"I do not know enough of their history," said I, "to explain it, but I think there is an explanation. Tyrel himself intimated very plainly to me that there was no case at all, and that he was simply leading Mr. Bodley along to save him from the disaster of a disappointment," and I repeated the conversation we had held the night before Christmas.

"I am not quite so sure of that," said M. Bodelet. "I am not prepared to believe Tyrel's explanation of his own conduct. At all events, and with all Mr. Bodley's hallucination on the subject, I am disposed to think that both he and his daughter would have the courage to face the truth. But it cannot be very difficult to ascertain if there actually is a case. Come and dine with me to-night. I am at the Tavistock; and, meanwhile, I will see if I can find out this single fact."

M. Bodelet was right. As we sat at dinner that evening he gave me an account of his investigations, with the result. There was a



case involving the inheritance. It had been in chancery for several years, and might last several years longer. It was one of those interminable disputes which the law seems to relegate to the region of abstract reasoning, with the concomitant effect of abstracting all the property involved, and devoting it to lawyers' fees. Tyrel was engaged in the case, but beyond that M. Bodelet could learn nothing.

"In fine," said he, "there is a case, as I supposed. Precisely what Mr. Tyrel's interest in it is, we do not know."

We remained silent, each thinking his own thoughts. I know what mine were. They accounted for Tyrel's interest by the supposition that he was in love with Fear Bodley. It was not hard for me thus to reason. It seemed sufficient ground for his action. I cannot say that it disturbed me much. I myself was young, and I was confident that he was, if not repulsive to her, yet certainly not attractive. My companion smoked in silence, but with a certain energy which seemed to indicate that he was driving thoughts with the same vehemence.

"Come," said he, at last, "I think we are in duty bound to see if we can serve Mr. Bodley in any way. Shall we go to Northumberland Court?"

"Yes," said I; "I will go with you."

There was something about the man which made me already feel as if he were my leader. He scarcely spoke as we walked; only once, when he had suddenly pressed my arm.

"What was it?" said I.

"It was Tyrel," said he, presently. "There is no good in that man. He is corrupt. No man can be the companion of harridans and be a man of honor. He is not playing his part with Mr. Bodley from any honorable motive."

When we reached Mr. Bodley's house we were shown into the room where I had taken my tea the first evening, and we found Miss Bodley seated at a table, with her drawing-materials by her side. She greeted us quietly.

"It is kind in you to come," she said, "but I can give you no further news. My father lies helpless still." I must have glanced at her work. "I should be with him now," she added, "but Mr. Rossiter forbids it."

"May I see your drawing, Miss Bodley?" asked my companion.

She gave it to him, and we all three looked at it together.

"Blake again!" I exclaimed; "but I do not know from what book it is."

"It is not Blake's," said she, coloring a little. "Or, rather, it is; for the suggestion came from him, and I presume that constant working among his books has made me instinctively catch something from him."

"Who is Blake?" asked M. Bodelet. "I have not had many opportunities for seeing pictures, and I look at them only as a child. But I do not need to be told the interpretation of this picture."

"Tell it to us," said I.

The design was of a gate-way, half of the portal open, and disclosing within, whence came dazzling light, a radiant figure clad in

white, passing over an emerald plain. Upon the open gate, whose inner side was turned toward some kneeling figure in the dusky shade of the other gate, was a sculptured scene of a child springing from the arms of its mother. Reflected light from this surface faintly disclosed a group upon the outer wall of the other gate, which I made out to be a solitary form stretched beneath a tree.

"It is redemption," said he, reverently.

"I see through the open gate the figure of the Son of God; he enters the dark world as an infant springing to its deliverance; he returns by the way of the tree, the tree which covered him in Gethsemane and bore him on Calvary."

We were silent a moment.

"Mr. Penhallow," said Miss Bodley, "will recall the lines by Blake:

'He doth give his joy to all:  
He becomes an infant small,  
He becomes a man of woe,  
He doth feel the sorrow too.'

They suggested to me the design. But I could find no other type for a design so perfect as what M. Bodelet has just given." She put the drawing away, and would say nothing more of it, but, though our talk passed to indifferent matters, being mainly carried on between her and myself, I could not fail to see her glance stealing shyly toward M. Bodelet, and a strange light in her eye which suffused it as with tears. Indeed, I had reason enough to see it. My own eyes were tortured with light. Many years have passed, yet I keep still the sense of pain which smote me that evening, as I looked from the girl to the strangely-powerful man, whose power was in a word, a look, a gesture, and back to the girl, whose self-reliance, that had so impressed me at the first, seemed to give way at his presence. I am telling a simple story, with no wish to mislead the reader, and I should not tell it at all if I were not willing to confess my own weakness and disappointment.

We walked away together and toward my lodging, with only broken and desultory conversation, but as we stopped under the light of the lantern that hung over the entrance to Fountain Court to say "Good-night," my companion suddenly seized my hand and looked me straight in the eye. It was a loving, a pitying, a searching look.

"I am glad to know you," he said; "you are an honest man—I am glad to know you. I have made few friends in my life, and I shall be honored if I may keep you." I was a little confused by what I suppose I may call his "declaration" of friendship. A sudden pang also shot through me. Why would he not leave me alone, or let me even count him as an enemy? I could not reply. I turned from him and went to my dismal rooms.

The friendly foothold which I had gained in Northumberland Court I kept, though tormented and tempted by the devil to cast it off. I made pretense of inquiring for Mr. Bodley, but was satisfied with the society of his daughter. He remained unchanged. I sometimes ventured to carry her flowers. I showed her treasures of books or prints which I found in London or out-of-the-way shops.

She received my flowers kindly. She looked at my books and pictures. I gave her pleasure. That was much. It was all. I heard little of the other guests of the dinner-party. They had each called once, expressed their sympathy and interest in their several ways. M. Bodelet I saw often, not only at the house, but elsewhere, in my own lodgings and at his. Strange as it may seem, I came to love him, yet it was not strange, for he was of the kind that compels love. I should have despised myself had I not loved him.

Tyrel I met once more—may I never meet him again! It was several weeks after the visit of which I have spoken that, going to the house, I found M. Bodelet there reading to Fear, as she sat at her work. I knew now that her work was not pastime, but partial support of herself and her father. The book was laid aside, and we were talking of I know not what, when Tyrel entered. He greeted Fear with elaborate politeness, but acknowledged our presence with scarcely a nod apiece, and began at once to talk with Fear, as if we were not in the room at all. I saw M. Bodelet change color when Tyrel entered, and that he put himself under restraint as the conversation went on. But presently Miss Bodley turned to him and said:

"M. Bodelet, Mr. Tyrel tells me that he has been to see Mr. Rossiter, who speaks more favorably to him of my father's condition than he does to me." M. Bodelet bowed. "You have a good opinion of Mr. Rossiter's ability, have you not?"

"I have, Miss Fear," said Tyrel, to whom the question was not addressed. "I have known him a long time, and consider him every way competent."

"He seems to me," said M. Bodelet, "to understand your father. He gives it as his opinion that the attack from which he suffered arose from some sudden, excessive emotion."

"You and I know," said Tyrel, addressing himself to Fear, "how liable your father has been to sudden—transitions, I may call them. They have given us great uneasiness, but by constant watching I think we have lessened their frequency." At this moment, Fear was called out of the room. Scarcely had she gone before Bodelet, who I saw was clinching his chair, turned and said:

"You, Tyrel, did you ever observe the special occasions when Mr. Bodley was thus affected? did you ever connect them with any event in his life? did you ever think that your presence had anything to do with it? did you ever mention to him the name of Mary Hewson, of Cynthia Bodley, of Cynthia Bodley Tyrel?" He spoke rapidly and with vehemence, and at the last sprang to his feet. I never saw such fiery indignation compressed into tone and look and gesture. Tyrel was speechless, speechless with rage.

"You, Tyrel!" he went on; "you dare to come to this place and defile it! I know you. Miss Bodley has not yet returned. Go out into the blackness of darkness!" Tyrel hesitated for a moment, but he could not face the blazing eye of this self-appointed, or, I say rather, God-appointed, minister of justice, and, affecting a swagger as soon

as his back was turned, left the room, left the house, and I never saw him more. May I never see him again! Fear returned, and was told that Tyrel had cut short his call. I was agitated and confused, while the blaze of my companion's anger had turned into a glow of feeling which he seemed scarcely able to repress, and that showed itself in his speech and manner. Tender and courteous as he always was to her, I looked and listened with wonder while he talked eloquently, and even passionately, of some scenes in his frontier life. He rarely spoke of himself, but this evening he seemed carried beyond the ocean and into the heart of that strange Texan country, to us then a land of contrasted rich Nature and outlaw society. He dwelt upon the broad smile of happy life that spread over the country, of the pure waters of the Comal and the undulations of those swelling plains; of the sudden stumbling upon the ruins of Spanish missions, and the beginnings of new life which he believed surely were to make that country a great and prosperous state. He was a man of hope and courage, and as he talked London and Europe seemed to flee away, and all the dingy streets and lanes to issue into fair fields and wander beside clear streams. Bookish as I was, and always trying to plunge deeper into the mysteries of an old civilization, I could not resist the charm of his talk, and almost felt that I could cast aside my life and enter under such a leader upon the new future of that new land. As for Fear, there was no longer any work for her that night. She simply sat with folded hands, and slipped down this shining stream.

It was late when we rose to go. When the door had closed behind us, and we passed into the chill night, there rushed back upon me the early evening, and I turned quickly to my companion.

"Tell me," I began.

"Yes," said he, "I will tell you. It is only to-day that I found the last connecting link. May God forgive him! Twelve years ago that beast lured Mr. Bodley's daughter away from him. Mr. Bodley, acting under his advice, furnished him with money wherewith to visit America in order to seek this daughter, who, Tyrel persuaded him, had eloped thither. This old man, this righteous man, wished only to send forgiveness to his daughter, and he gave money to this lawyer, this evil, unholy person who had stolen his daughter, had hid her in London, and now with the money sailed with her to America. There he played a double game, using his knowledge of the Bodley estate to fill his pockets again, and there he left that poor girl to die in the public hospital. God forgive him, I say, for man cannot! Old Mr. Bodley only knew that his daughter left him one night, and, simple, guileless man that he was, he went to the robber, and this robber took his gold as he had taken his daughter, pretended he had this clew, sailed with her to America, left her to die, and came back with his heart fuller than ever of lies and foulness."

"And who was Mary Hewson?" I interrupted.

"She was his accomplice—Cynthia Bod-

ley's maid. It was to-day only that I found her."

He was silent, and my own mind was too busy for words. At length I said:

"How much of this does Miss Bodley know?"

"Not any thing, not any thing beyond the fact that her sister disappeared. She herself was but six years old at the time. She has guessed something, but nothing of this depth of iniquity. And he—he has come there year after year, and has seen this fair fruit upon the bough. Penhallow, I have seen much, have been witness to many deeds of shame, but I tell you that I never drew so nigh to the pit of infamy as when I sat by Mary Hewson's bed to-day—never, and it is a nightmare to me now. It is too horrible. I long for the smiling prairies of Texas."

We walked on in silence then. I dared even then to say to myself, "Then this man by my side has been moved by tender pity and by vengeance, and I may dream my dream of happiness again. Tyrel gone, Bodelet returned—" It was a weak hope, but I, who am no hero, could only hold by that, so little else remained to me by which to hold. We parted, even without saying "Good-night," so abstracted was he, so blurred in my mind by a new hope was I. Another of Blake's proverbs rang in my ears:

"If a fool would persist in his folly, he would become wise."

The spring had come even in London. I lingered there still, though it seemed to me that, with the breaking up of winter, there would come to me the end of all pleasantness. I was in that mood that rejects sunshine and courts cloudiness. I went often to the Bodleys. When Fear was kind to me I was filled with a sort of despair, torturing myself with the thought that it was the kindness of pity; when she seemed cold and abstracted I was piqued to see if I could not drive her from that position. I worked still at the British Museum, and went there, indeed, oftener than I should have cared to, hoping for the chance of seeing her, of nodding to her, and then suffering her to gather her materials together and go away, making no attempt to follow her. Indeed, it was I who tortured myself. She was innocent of such cruelty.

With M. Bodelet my friendship continued. Somehow he ignored all my petty variations of temper, and I could not insult him by obtruding my complaints. Gentle and high-minded, he held a serene composure, which made my egotism seem to me the foolish thing it was. But it was a miserable life I led. I say it frankly, seeing him take his place beside Fear and hold it quietly without assurance, kindling in her presence, yet always letting his fire burn with a radiance that spread over all who might be near her. Thus the days went on; thus evenings passed. That was years ago. The thought comes to me, if there could have been an unbroken succession of years from then till now, I could have borne the pain for the sweet contentment which kept pace with it.

But it was not to be. One morning I had been in Covent-Garden Market, and bought a nosegay which I thought to carry to Fear.

It was a lovely morning, and my heart somehow was in a yielding mood that led me willingly into ways of quiet and pleasantness. I lingered on my walk, watching the busy life, and stood long leaning on the stone balustrade in front of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, looking out on the moving scene below me. I recalled the Christmas-eve that I stood there before, and remembered the venerable figure that came to me—the precursor of so many happy days, and of so much disquiet also. Below there in Northumberland Court he lay motionless upon his bed—he who had thought himself the head of a great family, the inheritor of a great estate. There was no bitterness in the thought, but rather profound respect for a sincere, pure-minded, unselfish man. I smiled over his vagary, but there in the heart of London was a true knight, whose thought was for the poor and wretched, who would bind himself to Old England that he might be one to bring in the new England, to restore the truth which seemed to have gone out of her. "After all," I said to myself, "while such gentle-hearted knights live, there is hope for any country. I know not what broken lives there may have been in the Bodley family, but methinks a new race might spring out of the loins of such a family chief."

I walked slowly toward Northumberland Court, drawing now and then the fragrance of my nosegay, and thinking of these things. Coming into the noisy Strand, the familiar signs of poverty and misery assailed me, only half seen from the height above. I passed under the archway and knocked at the door of Mr. Bodley's house. It was opened by the maid, who laid her finger upon her mouth to enjoin silence. I divined her meaning at once. She led me into a room where the old man lay, sleeping his last sleep, his hands folded, his weariness gone, and almost a look of pleasant smiling in its place. I stood looking upon him, then took my few flowers and laid them reverently at his feet. I turned to go, and then saw Fear and M. Bodelet standing near. They had entered unobserved by me, and had seen my act. Fear's eyes filled again with tears as she held out her hand to me. I lifted it to my lips. "Farewell," I whispered in my heart, "farewell." She did not withdraw her hand from mine for a moment, then she laid it wistfully upon M. Bodelet's arm. "Felix," she said. He placed his hand on my shoulder and looked at my face with his clear, gray eye.

"Eustace," he said, "our father recovered his speech for a short time before his death, and he spoke affectionately of you. 'He was a worthy Bodley,' he said. That went for much with him, for every thing. He scarcely knew me," he added, with a touch of sadness in his voice.

"Good-by," I said, irresolutely. Yet they did not retain me. I turned as I went out of the room. They were bending together over the old man. Yes, they were the true heirs of the Bodley estate. There it lay before them. All the nobleness of character, purity of life, unselfishness of aim, which had made up this old man, belonged to them by

inheritance. Bodley Hall and its acres was a poor, dim sign of the family life. They could forget it and brush it all aside, who had this greater inheritance.

The Bodley estate! If it be in chancery still, I know not. The claimants, who seemed to have issued mysteriously from London fog and returned again into the same fog, are names only to me. The scoundrel—but I will not think of him. The heirs—they have gone to that new land of hope in the Southwest. I hear from them now and then; they urge me to visit them. It is a long journey, and I turn back to my books and pictures, my daily walk, my little round of occupations. It was a part of my life in London nearly thirty years since; it is a part of my life still. I have dared to tell it, and now I can go on again with my prosaic and not very heroic existence. I too have an inheritance—it is not what at one time I hoped to receive; yet it is mine, and I have parted with but little of it in this sketch. I am but a remote heir of the Bodley estate; yet I am an heir.

THE END.

## SUSANNE GERVAZ;

A MAID OF THE GEVAUDAN.\*

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

THE inn of La Coucourde, at the village of Fontanes, in the south of France, had an old dead bough for a sign, which waved in the wind, and a long, low apartment with smoky rafters, a dirty table, and a few rickety chairs and benches. Here, on the 27th of November, 1825, the friends of Simon Vernon had assembled in the evening to welcome him.

Simon Vernon was a young countryman of the region, who had seen service in Spain, and returned with the rank of sergeant and a pocketful of money. Another circumstance gave him the highest importance in the eyes of his friends. He had just bought an inclosed piece of land in the mountain between Chadelbos and Lespervelouse—poor in quality, but of some size—and had paid very little for it. The place had, in fact, a bad name. It was called the "Clos du Capelan," or "Priest's Inclosure," the tradition of the country being that a priest had been killed and buried here in the religious wars. Since that time it was said that the purchasers of the tract had one after another met with misfortune. Thus, when Simon Vernon bought it, the circumstance attracted general attention, and he was otherwise a subject of interest to his old friends. He wore braid on his sleeves, had a military air, was rich, and had defied local superstition in order to make a good bargain. On this even-

ing at the Coucourde Inn he was putting the cap-stone to his popularity by giving a free entertainment to his neighbors. The table was covered with pots of beer, bottles of brandy, and glasses. All was joy, uproar, and congratulation.

"Here's a boy who knows how to do things," said the village wheelwright. "He has bought the Priest's Inclosure for a crumb of bread!"

"And I'll lay you any amount," said a popular farmer, "that sunrise to-morrow will see him digging up his land."

"Yes; and only think," said Chaquignon, the saddler, "that the money he paid for the Inclosure is not a twentieth part of the amount he carries in that belt he wears!"

The wheelwright shook his head.

"One man's luck is another's undoing. Simon's good fortune is a bad thing for poor Jacques Boucard, Susanne Gervaz's lover."

Vernon, splendid with his braid, his hat on one side of his head, the bright leather belt around his waist, and his blue pantaloons, affected pity.

"Jacques, the water-drinker!" sneered a courtier friend. "You have come, Simon, and Susanne belongs to you!"

"But Susanne loves Jacques," said a timid young man in an aside, "and she will not be dazzled by Simon Vernon or bullied by André Gervaz, her father."

"You don't know the old man. He's a miser, and as obstinate as a mule. He would rather be cut in pieces than let Susanne marry a poor fellow like Jacques. You'll soon see that Simon will marry her."

"Well, I tell you," said the other, in a low voice, "before Simon marries her, you'll find—you'll find—that—"

The speaker did not finish his sentence. Jacques Boucard, a young man of about twenty, with a face revealing strong passions but full of sadness, had just entered the tavern. The majority of the company set down their glasses, and were silent as though they expected some tragic scene. But the newcomer went and took his seat in a corner without speaking to any one. All at once Vernon rose, glass in hand.

"Come here and drink with us, Jacques," he said; "water is unwholesome, or the devil take it! I pay for all. No old grudges—it's not my fault if you are poor and I am—"

As he spoke he struck his belt, which gave out a metallic sound like that of gold-pieces rattling together. Jacques seemed to hesitate. He rose and took a step forward, all eyes fixed upon him; for these simple people knew that if he sat at the table with Simon and drank the glass offered him any act of violence would be impossible. Suddenly he turned away with a gloomy air, and pushed aside the glass roughly. It fell and broke to pieces. Everybody started, as at a sinister augury; but Vernon, after a moment, cried, laughing:

"Just as you choose! What I said to you was from pure charity.—Mother Coucourde, some drink.—Friends, fill up, and forget this spoil-sport!"

Boucard had returned to his place in the corner, from which he looked at his hap-

py rival with eyes full of hatred and menace.

Near him sat two men who had taken no part in the general gaiety. One seemed about forty, and had a base, forbidding countenance. His name was Anselme Costerousse, and he had a farm in the neighborhood. The other was a man of thirty, a certain Matteo Perondi. He was a wandering Piedmontese, of the class we so often find mixed up with the police. His hair was thick and curly, his complexion swarthy, his lips gross and sensual, and his eyes reckless and full of passion.

Costerousse leaned toward Perondi and said:

"Did you see?"

"Yes," said Perondi.

"Did you hear?"

"Yes."

"And—do you see *him* there?" pointing to Jacques, in the shadow.

"Yes."

"And now—if it so happened—that—Simon Vernon—"

"Yes," said the Piedmontese, with a gesture which completed his meaning.

On the next morning at dawn Simon Vernon, with the eagerness of a peasant who has become a landed proprietor, set out, spade over shoulder, for the "Priest's Inclosure." The sky was gray and lowering; from the mountain blew a humid wind; day had nearly driven away the fogs and clouds of night. If Vernon's military training had not made him superior to popular superstition, the country he was passing through would have excited in him a vague terror. As far as the eye could see stretched a naked and sterile landscape, bristling with volcanic rocks. It was a desert with its sadness, but without its grandeur. The "Priest's Inclosure" was as bare as the rest. A rustic wall surrounded it, built of stone, and high enough for a man to lean upon. Above it drooped some almond-trees and cypresses. It resembled a graveyard.

Vernon put down his spade, stamped his feet to warm them, and whistled a camp-tune to keep up his courage. All at once he saw two figures approaching through the fog—two men whom he recognized.

"Good-morning, Simon," said one of them. "We were going down yonder to work at the green oaks, and stopped to say good-day."

"Thank you."

"What! already at work, my boy? Ah, life in the regiment has not made an idler of you. It's all the more to your credit, as you are rich; and you are going, too, to marry your pretty Susanne?"

"I hope so."

The man watched Simon out of the corners of his eyes. His companion seemed to be waiting for some signal agreed upon. The speaker resumed:

"A little late for getting in a crop—the grain ought to be up before the first frost."

"Bah! I'll catch up by working hard," was the reply of Simon, who, sticking his spade into the ground, with his back turned to the two men, set to work.

\* The singular narrative here presented is condensed from "Les Corbeaux du Gévaudan," by the eminent French critic and novelist, M. A. de Pontmartin, who states that it is founded on a remarkable criminal trial in the Cevennes, where the incidents nearly as they are here related really took place.



He had no sooner done so than the assassins threw themselves upon him. One dealt him a heavy blow on the back of the neck with a pick-axe, and the other caught him by the throat and threw him down. All this took but an instant. Vernon, mortally wounded by the blow of the pick, writhed in the death-agony.

"Your knife—your knife!" cried the elder assassin; "one cut will finish him!"

The knife was passed to him by the younger, but it was unnecessary for him to employ it. With a single convulsive movement the victim's head fell back, he tore the ground with his nails, and then expired.

The younger of the murderers rose up, breathing heavily.

"Now for the belt!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse voice.

"Yes! yes!" was the reply of the elder, "and then for—Boucard's house."

"Boucard's!"

"Dullard! don't you understand? It is not Anselme Costerousse and Matteo Perondi who have committed this crime, it is Simon, Vernon's rival—Jacques Boucard!"

He stooped quickly and tore off the belt, whose glittering contents he emptied into a small bag which he drew from beneath his vest. Then, making a sign to his companion, he hastened away in the direction of the small house occupied by Jacques Boucard. He was the game-keeper of M. d'Estézac, a gentleman of the neighborhood, and lived in a forest-lodge, half buried in trees, between the moor of Lespervelouse and the woods of Mercoire.

The murderers supposed that they would find the lodge empty, but they approached it with great precaution, walking lightly and holding their breath. Having reached it, they concealed themselves in a clump of pines and hazel-bushes, and listened attentively. Two voices were heard within—the voice of a man and a woman; the man evidently angry, and the woman supplicating. The window was open, and the listeners did not lose a word of the conversation.

"I tell you, Susanne, I'll do something violent."

"Oh, pray, pray, Jacques! If you fight this man, will it do us any good? I shall only be unhappy."

"We are in each other's way—we are one too many! I will die or he shall—and I will kill him. I say I will kill him!"

In their hiding-places, the two assassins looked at each other and smiled. In a voice broken by sobs, the young girl uttered some words which the men did not catch. Jacques replied in a despairing voice:

"And only to think that if this miserable Simon had not come back with that money—the devil sent him—your father might have consented to our marriage!"

"My father? Oh, you don't know him, Jacques. You are too poor. All I can promise is to resist with all my power."

"Well, you don't believe I mean to murder him, I hope? He is a soldier; he is strong and active, and knows how to defend himself. The fight will be a fair one."

"And I—I will die, Jacques!"

"Where did his money come from? He

was as poor as I am when he set out for the army. His pay was not enough to fill that cursed belt and buy that land."

"He pretends that it was a present from a general whose life he saved."

"All lies! The wretch stole it from some convent he robbed in Spain, or from some church where he seized the silver vessels or the gold on the holy Virgin's robe. Susanne, you are honest and proud—will you marry a thief?"

The assassins nudged each other.

"Come, come," said Susanne, "be calm, Jacques. My father will beat me and lock me up. I swear to you I'll never be Simon's wife; and you—you must swear to me that you will not attack him."

Jacques made no reply.

"Come," the young girl added, pointing to the sky where the light of morning began to appear, "it is growing late; the sun is rising, and you must go your rounds. Try to please M. d'Estézac; he may do something for you—for us."

A moment afterward Jacques and Susanne came out of the house. They went toward the woods, and the sound of their steps died away.

"Good!" cried one of the murderers, bounding from his hiding-place; "all goes well! The guilty man is Jacques—only Jacques—we are white as the snow!"

They hastened to the open window, and the most active of the two mounted on the other's shoulders, and leaped into the apartment. Glancing quickly around, to be certain that no one saw him, he drew the torn and bloody belt from beneath his blouse, and threw it under a sort of lounge. All this took but a moment. The man descended from the window with the assistance of his accomplice, as he had entered it, and, partly following a small path which lost itself in the woods, they disappeared in the shadow of the thicket.

An hour after the assassination, three woodmen, who were going to cut wood in the mountain, passed by the "Priest's Inclosure." At sight of the body, which was still warm, they recoiled with astonishment and fright. A single cry issued from their lips, and in stupid silence they stood gazing at the dead body of the man whom they had seen a few hours before with his handsome face and gay bearing at the Coucourde Inn. Suddenly all the incidents of that scene returned to their memories. The peasants are instinctively prudent, but the thought which passed through their minds, as rapidly as a flash of lightning, made all three murmur together the name of Jacques Boucard. Then they were seized with a sort of vertigo, and, as though afraid of being suspected, they returned running to the village, and gave the alarm.

Soon the sinister intelligence ran from house to house. Simon Vernon had been popular, and had silenced even his few enemies by wetting their windpipes at the inn. They were proud of him as a fellow-countryman who had made his fortune; Jacques Boucard, on the contrary, was far from popular. He was a new-comer in the neighborhood—that is to say, he was looked upon

with suspicion. He was a game-keeper and bailiff—that is, he was hated. Arriving in the vicinity about six months before this time, he had met with Susanne Gervaz, the daughter of an avaricious old storekeeper of Villefort, and had quickly fallen in love with her. Susanne, who was too beautiful not to attract attention, and too proud to blush for an innocent question, made no concealment of her own feelings. She returned the young man's affections, and, having an old aunt near Mercoire, visited her frequently, and so saw Jacques. The gossips watched her walking with him in open day; and, plying their spinning-wheels, said, "What is going to come of this?" But the arrival of Simon Vernon had suddenly changed every thing. He saw Susanne, was dazzled by her beauty, went to Villefort and asked her in marriage of old André Gervaz, rattled his gold, obtained the miser's consent, and came back triumphant.

The result was, that the gossip of the neighbors redoubled. Would Simon, thus supported by the father, marry the daughter? Would Susanne, loving Jacques, have the strength to resist? Would not the rivals sooner or later exchange blows of the fist or their knives? These grave questions absorbed the attention of the villagers, especially when they heard that André Gervaz had forbidden his daughter even to speak to Jacques, on pain of being beaten and shut up—a circumstance probably explaining Susanne's unceremonious visit to Jacques at so early an hour on the morning of the murder.

Such was the condition of things when this history opened. Public opinion leaned decidedly in favor of the brilliant Simon and against Jacques Boucard. Irritated by obstacles, and naturally reserved, the latter had become stern and rough. He was poor and unsocial; and, in giving him the nickname of the "Water-Drinker," the peasants had meant to express their opinion that he was a poor companion, while Simon had made a friend of every one in the village. After the scene at the Coucourde Inn, gossip had reached the climax. The entrance of Jacques, his lowering glances, his refusal to drink with Simon—these incidents had attracted universal attention, and now come suddenly the startling intelligence—"Simon Vernon is murdered; they have found his body!"

A crowd rushed to the scene of the crime, and exclamations were heard on all sides:

"Poor fellow! he would not listen to me!—he would buy this cursed property!" "He might have known that the 'Priest's Inclosure' would bring him bad luck!" "And any one could have told him that the old priest walks here every 2d of November!"

As to the author of the crime, nobody had the least doubt. If Jacques Boucard had appeared they would have torn him in pieces. No one dared to touch the corpse before the arrival of the chief of police. He came in the evening, and was one of those people who, whenever a crime is committed, begin by asking, "Where is the woman?" In this case the woman was only too easy to find. The official, followed by the crowd, went toward the house of Jacques, reached the clump of

pinces where the assassins had concealed themselves, saw the broken boughs and the mark of footprints, and traced them to the window—when Jacques, coming out of the forest, stood before them. At sight of him the crowd shouted, "Here he is!—he killed Simon! Death to the water-drinker—death!"

Jacques stood still, as though stupefied. At first, he thought that a murder had been committed near his house, and that they were calling on him to say who was the criminal. His expression exasperated the crowd.

"You make out that you are astonished!" they cried; "but in front of Simon's dead body you will speak, murderer!"

Jacques could find no words to utter, and in the midst of cries of "Death! death!" he was arrested by the *gendarmes* present, and confined in the house under guard, to await the arrival of the judge of instruction, who had been sent for from Mende.

Just at nightfall a sombre spectacle attracted all eyes. On a litter, covered with a black cloth and carried on the shoulders of the crowd, the dead body of Simon Vernon was borne back to Fontanes. The night was cold and starless. The dry heather crackled under the feet of the pall-bearers. From time to time the cry of the owls replied to the melancholy chant of the multitude—and the glimmering lights of the pine-torches resembled wandering souls.

The sight of the corpse, and horror at the murder, had completely carried away this whole population, intoxicated with their wrath. All believed that Jacques was the murderer—every one would have been contented to become his executioner.

On the next day the king's prosecutor, M. Favernay, and the judge of instruction, M. de Ribière, arrived from Mende and repaired to the house of Jacques Boucard. The judge was a man past middle-age, of the highest character, and had lived all his life in the department, where every one respected him. M. Favernay, the public prosecutor, was, on the contrary, a young Parisian, fired with the ambition of distinguishing himself at the bar—a man of the world, an elegant dancer, and a good piano-player, who would sing in the evening a sentimental song, after demanding from a jury the heads of two or three criminals in the morning.

The two officials examined the locality around the house, and especially the footprints. M. de Ribière called attention to the fact that they were of different dimensions, but, after all, this was a slight circumstance—the general conviction of Boucard's guilt was so strong! They entered the house, summoned the accused before them, and the examination began.

Jacques denied every thing. He had passed the whole day, he said, pursuing a poacher in the woods, at a distance from the spot where the crime was committed.

"At what hour did you leave your house?" asked M. de Ribière.

"About eight," said Jacques.

"Very well," interrupted M. Favernay, with a bantering air, and, turning to the health-officer, he said, "M. Ducloux, at what hour do you suppose the murder was committed?"

"The wood-cutters found the corpse between seven and eight. As it was still warm, he must have been killed between six and seven."

"What reply do you make?" said M. Favernay, in a brief and stern voice, to Jacques.

The accused was silent. His face was pale, his features were contracted, and his eyes wandered—he was the picture of guilt. In the mean while an examination of the house was going on—a mere matter of form, as it was not supposed that the murderer would have left any traces of his crime. Still the search was made—under the bed, in the straw, in the mattress, under the chest of drawers, under the lounge—when suddenly a cry was heard. The bloody belt was dragged forth. M. de Ribière's head sank; M. Favernay cried, "Summon the witnesses!"

The relations and friends of Simon Vernon crowded into the apartment.

"Do you recognize this belt as the property of Simon Vernon?" asked the judge, ashamed at last of his doubts.

"Yes, sir."

"And did Simon generally wear it?"

"Always."

"And what do you think he carried in it?"

"Oh, thousands and hundreds!—gold, sir!—strange money we never saw before!"

M. Favernay resumed his part in the interrogatory, and said:

"What have you to answer, Jacques Boucard?"

The face of the accused changed, his pallor was like that of a corpse, and he stammered out:

"Mr.—gentlemen—what do you want me to say? I know nothing, I've done nothing, I've seen nothing; there is some devilish mystery under this! I feel I am lost!"

M. de Ribière leaned over and whispered to the prosecutor:

"But this money—where is it?"

"Hidden in the woods, no doubt. Don't we know that he was as poor as Job, and that his poverty prevented his marriage with his sweetheart?"

"But this belt?"

"He had not time to conceal it," said M. Favernay, impatiently. "He thought he had the whole day before him, and he was arrested at once. All night he was under guard—this escaped his calculations."

The public prosecutor had begun to glow at thought of the dramatic incidents of the crime, the public attention it would draw to himself, and the reputation he would achieve. There was the mysterious "Priest's Inclosure," the Spanish gold, the rivalry between two lovers, ending in assassination. Suddenly he thought of the link missing in this romantic drama.

"A woman was mentioned," he said; "a young girl courted by the murderer and his victim both."

"Yes, Susanne Gervaz!" cried a dozen voices.

"Where is she?"

"Ah, not far!" was the malicious reply of the crowd.

"Well, find her, and bring her here."

And in a short time the young girl was brought in, for she had been close at hand. She had left home to see Jacques again, and on the way had heard the news of his arrest for killing Simon.

"In a quarrel? Oh, how unfortunate!" she exclaimed.

"In a quarrel?" was the malicious reply. "He was not such a fool as that. He laid in wait for Simon at the Priest's Inclosure, and murdered him."

Instead of overwhelming the girl, this intelligence relieved her. Feeling certain that Jacques could never have committed a vulgar assassination, she was sure that there was a mere misunderstanding; that he would easily prove his innocence. She hastened on, but a bad augury occurred on her way. As she was passing the mean and dilapidated farmhouse of Anselme Costerousse—for he was known to be wretchedly poor—she saw this man and his hired laborer, Matteo Perondi, leaning on the tumble-down fence, and grinning at her.

"Hey!" cried Costerousse, "here's a pretty girl! Where are you going so fast? To see your two sweethearts? Well, go and look for one at the galleys, and for the other in the graveyard."

Susanne made no reply, passing on disdainfully; but, in her feverish state of mind, this meeting made a deep impression upon her, and engraved itself on her memory. She went on, with her head raised proudly, but was soon subjected to a new test. All along the way, hidden in the bushes, were the enemies of Jacques, uttering taunts and insults.

"Come on—you are wanted!"

"Come and swear to your lover's innocence! He's a fine fellow! He puts us in jail for killing a hare, but he murders people who are in his way in his love-affairs!"

From behind the trunk of a tree came a third voice:

"Take care what you swear to! If you lie to save this murderer, we'll rattle tin pans whenever you come out, and the children of the village will throw stones at you!"

Susanne made no reply. She walked on proudly through the insulting crowd, and reached the house just as she was summoned. In the midst of yells and furious threats she was conducted before the officials.

Instead of intimidating her, all these insults had strung her nerves. Erect, proud, her eyes on fire, her nostrils dilated, and with a brilliant color in her cheeks, she was so beautiful that every one gazed at her with astonishment.

"Diable!" whispered the *gendarmes*, "what a pair of eyes! They are enough to account for a dozen cuts with a knife!"

M. de Ribière was filled with pity at sight of so much beauty and misfortune. As to M. Favernay, he gazed at the girl with all the admiration of a Parisian connoisseur, and thought, "How she will adorn my triumph!"

Jacques had started, and looked at her with a dazed expression, and then turned away his eyes. Susanne returned this glance with one of the deepest tenderness and confidence, made a slight gesture with her hand, and said:

"Don't be afraid—here I am."

"Silence!" cried M. Favernay, in a severe tone. Then, turning to the witnesses:

"What is this young woman's reputation?" he said.

They hesitated, but truth carried the day, and they all replied:

"Excellent."

"And you think it impossible that she could have been Boucard's accomplice?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well," said M. de Ribière, "taking up the examination. 'Now answer, Susanne Gervaz, you love the accused, people say?'"

"Yes, sir, with all my soul."

"You know what a horrible crime he is charged with. Have you any thing to say?"

"Any thing to say?—Jacques is innocent!"

"Well—any thing more?"

"More?" she went on, with growing excitement. "At what hour, according to the witnesses, was the murder committed?"

"Yesterday morning, between six and seven o'clock."

"Well," said Susanne, in a clear, loud voice, "yesterday morning, between six and seven o'clock, I was with Jacques—here, in this very place where you have met to accuse him. If I lie, take me and throw me into prison with him."

As the girl spoke, it was seen that her lips did not tremble. The blush in her cheeks, the fire of her eyes, the dignity of her attitude, subjugated at once her judges, and the crowd full of hatred for Jacques. No one thought of accusing her of immodesty. She remained so chaste while denouncing herself, and so proud in humiliating herself, that M. Favernay exclaimed, in a low voice, with a smile of satisfaction:

"Superb! Here is a heroine! What an effect she will have on the audience!—and the journals, how they will discuss her!"

M. de Ribière replied to the girl, saying: "Take care! You have not, perhaps, realized the effect of your statement. Your reputation is said to be good. If you have testified truly, you have dishonored yourself, and made your name a by-word in the country without the certainty of having exculpated the prisoner."

"I know it—I know it!"

"And you persist in your statement?"

"I persist."

Jacques Boucard had listened with astonishment, fright, joy, and admiration mixed with grief, to Susanne's words. M. de Ribière now turned to him and said:

"Jacques Boucard, you have heard what this young girl has said. She declares that yesterday morning, when the crime was committed, she was here, shut up with you. Is this statement true?"

"No," said Jacques, in a low but distinct voice.

M. Favernay rose.

"Mademoiselle," he said to Susanne, "it is a fine thing to devote ourselves to our friends, but not to such an extent as this. You may be compromised—as one guilty of perjury. Not another word! Jacques Boucard has himself contradicted you!"

He turned to the other witnesses.

"Had Simon Vernon any other enemies

in the neighborhood except Jacques Boucard?"

"No, sir."

"Nobody else would have murdered him for his money?"

"Nobody."

"Your daily occupations take you into the fields?"

"Yes."

"You have seen no suspicious characters lately in the country?"

"None, sir."

"All goes well!" said the prosecutor, turning to M. de Ribière.

"Yes, to bring this poor man to the galows," said the latter.

Jacques Boucard, having destroyed every hope of safety by a single word, fell back into his dull stupor, and seemed resolved to say no more. The discovery of Simon Vernon's belt in his house was attributed by him to magic. He believed that some demon concealed in the fern on the moor of Lesperprouse had inspired the peasants with their threats and insults—that the public prosecutor, M. Favernay himself, was the victim of supernatural influences. To struggle against such powerful and invincible enemies, seemed utterly impossible to him, and he gave up the contest.

M. de Ribière addressed him in a tone of great feeling, but it was plain that, in spite of all, he believed him to be guilty. The prisoner listened with the air of one addressed by a philanthropist unable to help him—of a dying man whom his physician promises to cure. The judge of instruction, painful as the duty was, found himself obliged to draw up a statement of the case in accordance with the testimony. Jacques was then led away, and taken to prison to await his trial before the court of assizes.

In due time the indictment was drawn up, and Jacques Boucard was formally charged with having committed murder, with malice prepense, on the body of Simon Vernon, at a place called the "Priest's Inclosure," near Fontanes, in the department of Lozère, on the 28th day of November, in the year 1825.

Three months afterward the unfortunate man was arraigned before a jury to be tried for the crime with which he was charged.

## CONVULSIVE RELIGION.

### I.

IT is a necessity with some men who possess the faculty of glowing speech to employ it often and with the greatest effect. It is a gift universally appreciated, for all are more or less affected by it, especially if the critical faculty of the intellect is allowed to slumber; and nowhere may it be used with greater success than on the subject of religion, for all other questions become pale compared to this one. Thus fear, love, remorse, hope, and veneration, are aroused in a way in which they could not be by the greatest eloquence on any other theme. Here, in a word, is the natural element of the revivalist preacher.

But he does not preach at all times, for

he is periodic; the field must be ripe before he goes into it. Religious revival usually appears after times of public depression, disaster, or long torpor in matters spiritual. It occurs with a certain degree of regularity, and spreads by infection. The spiritual illumination, as it is called, after spasmodic agitation, usually leads to grateful repose. The effect of the excitement has a tendency to lead to a changed and better life, yet the physical disorders—and sometimes mental—which accompany it are of such a grave character that many are led to question its efficacy as a promoter of sound morality.

Its manifestations are most marked in the illiterate, to whom the cerebral impression is communicated more quickly, owing to the absence of the reasoning faculty, and shows itself in a sensation of which the seat is the spinal column, and often results in convulsions and catalepsy. A nervous, cultivated organization, on account of the habit of considering what is discussed before accepting it as truth, is less subject to the revival influence; but, when subject to it, becomes more liable to derangement of the brain-functions, and usually results in fanaticism or hallucination.

The excitement which manifests itself in convulsive movements usually passes into sobbing, laughing, singing, and wailing. The eloquence of a gifted orator sometimes does not produce so great an effect as an illiterate convert on the minds of predisposed lookers-on. His excited face, voice, and gestures, exercise remarkable power; his words may be of the most commonplace description, yet bring forth manifestations denied to the words of an intellectual exhorter.

The emotional nature of the negro especially renders him subject to this influence. The spark that lights the tinder in his nature is sometimes only words, without coherency or sense, the sound and the manner being enough. In the South particularly, senseless vociferation has produced marvelous effects in the emotional nature of the black man. I recollect seeing a black woman there, in an assembly of her race, who, as the preacher pronounced his jumble of nonsense with a loud and sympathetic voice, gradually arose to her feet, and moved forward to the open space in front of the pulpit with a certain measure in her step which seemed to keep time to the lyric speech of the preacher; her eyes turned upward in an ecstasy of joy; reaching the open space, she moved about in it for several minutes, when at length her pent-up emotion burst out in a wild whoop of hallelujah, which rang through the night, and echoed in the neighboring forest. At this point two or three stalwart men, evidently accustomed to their work, seized the woman; she threw them off at first with a strength which came to her from excitement, but they renewed the contest, wrestled with her, and finally overpowered and bore her to a seat, when she suddenly became quiet and flaccid, her eyes open and fixed.

The most common mode of expression for the pleasure experienced by more intellectual people in hearing fine music, oratory, or acting, is that they have "thrills in the back." This is the popular way of referring to the



influence of such things on the brain, communicated to the spinal column, which confers one of the most pleasurable sensations we are susceptible of. This "thrill in the back" is the first stage of the sensation which passes into ecstasy, which in turn often merges into catalepsy; and this was the condition of the black woman referred to as she fell powerless back into her seat under the hands of the men—motionless, senseless, and speechless. People of trained intellect do not often reach this last stage, the sensation not often going beyond the pleasurable one of the spinal column, except in certain organizations, in which it develops hysteria, with its attendant convulsive struggling and exacerbation.

The religious excitement is often such as to render its subject insensible to pain for the time being. The ceremony of the *Doseh* is practised in an open boulevard of Cairo, in which the dervises prostrate themselves on their faces, closely together, and their chief preacher or sheik, mounted on horseback, walks over this living carpet, or rather caracoles over it, the horse led on each side by an Arab walking on a pavement of hands and feet; the prostrate figures, quivering with excitement, shout "Ullah-lah-lah!" as he goes over them, then jump to their feet, some of them foaming at the mouth, all apparently uninjured, and attesting to it if necessary. The reason of this, according to them, is that the horse is upheld by a supernatural agency.

During certain periods of religious revival in France, women subject to hysteria have been crucified at their own urgent request, by fellow-fanatics, the crown of thorns being planted on their temples and the nails driven through the hands and feet, as was done on Calvary, and they uniformly asserted that they did not suffer pain therefrom.

The Convulsionists appeared in France in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The death of a popular preacher gave rise to the name and the thing. When his remains were interred, a report found credence that a cripple, who with others stood about the grave, was seized with a miraculous convulsion, and was made whole. In consequence, great throngs visited the grave, and some with epileptic tendencies were seized with convulsions like the cripple, and made well of whatever disease they were possessed. The grave became a shrine, and a record of the cures was kept. The first convulsions were alleged to be involuntary, but soon they were made to appear whenever the subject desired. Those who produced the convulsions came to be regarded as prophets as well as physicians, and were chiefly composed of women; all of them were illiterate and most of them poor. This continued for two years, and the excitement became so great that the government interfered and closed up the graveyard. But the devotees continued their practices in private, and became more extravagant than ever. They divided themselves into bands for inflicting self-torture. One of the most conspicuous in this kind of work was a woman named Marie Sonnet, who was also called "The Fire-Sister." She was in the habit of

beginning by being scorched with a hot and-iron, which she submitted to without any exhibition of suffering. Indeed, she was cheerful under it. She next asked those who assisted at these rites for her "stick of candy," which was a sharp pole planted upright in the ground. She placed her back on the sharp point and her head and limbs hung down on each side. She remained in this position for a certain time, and, after it was over, called out for what she designated as her "biscuit," which was a stone weighing fifty pounds, somewhat of the form of a biscuit. The woman extended herself on the floor, and the stone was dropped upon her from the ceiling, to which it was drawn up again, and dropped on the convulsive creature beneath until the lookers-on grew tired of the spectacle. The sect lived for about sixty years, and the fearful tortures to which they subjected themselves are matters of history.

An epidemic mania once broke out in the Netherlands, called Saint John's dance, in which men and women danced in a circle, shrieking wildly, and calling on Saint John the Baptist, and at last fell to the ground, begging by-standers to tread on and walk over them, which they did. They exorcised, and made extraordinary confessions, and increased so rapidly in numbers as to inspire the rest of the inhabitants with dread. One of their morbid fancies was a hatred of the red color, and a rage to destroy it like the animal in the Spanish bull-fights. Another was an aversion to pointed shoes, which grew to such an extent that the civil authorities were obliged to issue a decree forbidding people to wear any thing but square-toed shoes.

Another epidemic something similar appeared in Strasburg, not very long after, where the dancers jumped and turned before the chapel of St. Vitus, erected in memory of a saint martyred in the time of Diocletian. Women possessed of nervous affections, every spring, repaired to this shrine and danced before it from morning to night, when they fell down from exhaustion into an ecstatic state. The general belief was, that by so doing the malady was cured for one year, and that it came from the devil. The physicians could make no headway in its treatment, and it was abandoned to the Church. The monks of a certain order had some reputation for casting out this evil spirit, as it was called.

A revival occurred in the thirteenth century in Italy, which passed thence over Europe. Its devotees were the well-known Flagellants, who, rich and poor, young and old, were seized with fanaticism. They went so far as to walk naked through the streets in procession, without any sense of shame, each with a scourge of leather thongs with which they whipped themselves, with tears and groans, until the blood ran from the stripes thus made. This was at night as well as by day, they appearing in the depths of winter with torches to light up their agony.

There are now pilgrim cripples visiting the Grotto of Lourdes every year, who are so carried away by religious excitement

that they throw away crutches and canes after drinking the water, and announce with enthusiasm that they are cured. The power of this delirium is such that for the time they are really able to dispense with their usual aids in crutches and sticks, of which a great pile is made in the neighborhood of the grotto, to show the virtue of the water—a water for which no medicinal property is claimed other than the spiritual one. After the excitement subsides, they naturally have recourse to their usual mode of assistance.

Once while in Jerusalem I was a witness to the manifestations of fanaticism which take place every year in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at what is called the descent of the Holy Fire, when pilgrims, some of them from far-off countries, assemble in the church to light their tapers from the sacred light. The popular tradition is, that having done this, and bathed in the Jordan at the place where Christ was baptized, they are sure of salvation. On the occasion referred to, the church was crowded with men and women filled with enthusiasm, all pushing to get as near as possible to the tabernacle which covers the tomb in the centre of the building directly under the lofty dome. The dignitary who is popularly supposed to bring down the fire from heaven, and who is called the fire-bishop, was shut up in the tabernacle and invisible to all. I occupied a balcony which commanded the structure that covered the sacred tomb and most of the motley throng.

During the two hours which we waited, the fire-bishop was supposed to be engaged in fervid prayer in order to produce the miracle, while the pilgrims exhibited their impatience and faith in various ways. Yelling and Oriental singing were mingled together, while all eyes, gleaming with a strange light, were turned toward the chapel of the tomb, where a priest stood beside an aperture to receive the fire from the bishop within. Occasionally, wild shrieks from women rose above the confusion of sounds. The multitude surged forward from time to time, until the Turkish soldiers were crowded against the wall. The Mohammedan strove hard to keep the Christian in order, but in vain. The throng became densely packed, and several walked over a flooring of heads and shoulders to get near the point of central interest. A lane was kept open, however, by means of strong ropes from the aperture of the chapel, extending out under the arches of the rotunda to the door. Before the fire appeared, athletic couriers stood, barelegged and stripped to the waist, with lanterns in their hands, ready to carry the sacred fire at the top of their speed to the villages within the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

As soon as the flame was seen, the bells of the church and of the neighboring convents were loudly rung. The desire to obtain the fire was so intense that the torch held out at the aperture was at first extinguished. This added to the general impatience. The men shouted and gesticulated like maniacs, and crowds of Arab women in the galleries, who were Greek converts, uttered a wail which fell and rose from a moan to a shriek.

Shortly after the appearance of the fire at

the aperture, the door of the sacred tomb was thrown open, and the venerable fire-bishop emerged, holding in his hand a bundle of lighted tapers, and made his way toward the Greek altar as fast as zealous priests could push the people out of his way, and at length disappeared behind the screen of the Holy of Holies. The mass of pilgrims rushed around the rotunda, lighting each other's tapers, and some burned themselves on the neck, arms, and face. After this glare of flame had burned for about ten minutes, they began to put out the tapers, to carry them home as sacred relics. None blew them out, some extinguished them with cloths, others with the naked hand, without evincing any sign of pain. The scars left by these burns were ever after the signs of their pilgrimage and holiness.

Among sects given to nervous disorders are the Jerkers, Barkers, Jumpers, and Shakers. The Barkers, as their name indicates, bark like a dog in the practice of their religion. The names of the others sufficiently explain the character of their religious exercises.

In New Haven, a sect of fanatics called Wakemanites submitted to and followed in all her vagaries a prophetess called Rhoda Wakeman, who was believed to be insane. According to her account, she had been raised from the dead, in accordance with a prediction which she had previously made. She removed evil spirits out of the body by exorcism, and even instigated her followers to murder in the cause of religion.

There is, or was, a small body of people in the United States who took the scriptural injunction to be as little children literally, and they gave themselves over to jumping the rope, leap-frog, playing hoop, tumbling about the floor, speaking in an infantile manner, nursing dolls, and other occupations and traits of childhood, with the firm belief that in so doing they were working out their salvation.

What is usually called the "great American revival" began simultaneously in New Haven and New York in 1832, and does not seem to have been set in motion by any particular individual or individuals, but to have been, in a full sense, a popular expression. It was in men's minds and in the atmosphere. It broke out and raged like a fire over a certain portion of the country known by the old inhabitants as the "burnt district." It was especially felt along the shore of Lake Ontario, and in the counties of Madison and Oneida.

The host that marched in this revival movement had many banners, but were without known chieftains. They averred that they did not need a commander, for they had one on high. The corporals and sergeants who marched with the uprising, but did not lead it, were men of mediocrity, and comparatively unknown. These did not make the revival, but it made them, for, as they were a little more conspicuous than the rank and file, their names were noted and their actions talked of. They were of various religious colors, and formed a motley group, gathered from the Wesleyan Methodists, Episcopal Methodists, Evangelicals, Independents, Con-

gregationalists, and Presbyterians. Most of them chafed under the discipline, however lax, that existed in the ranks here named.

The characteristic signs attended this spiritual tempest. Ballrooms were turned into places of prayer, and theatres into churches. Clergymen who reasoned with men logically and preached sound theology were told that they held the sponge of vinegar to the parched lips of sinners, instead of leading them to the brook of life where they might drink to repletion. They were found too conservative for the new demands—too calm, logical, and decorous. They met with the treatment usual in such popular upheavals—they were pushed aside, in many cases, to make way for the new expounders and prophets—ignorant men, full of faith and vociferation, who preached night and day the golden streets of the new Jerusalem, and the wrath to come.

The new preaching presented a strange attraction to some. It was a Dead Sea fruit, beautiful to look upon, containing ashes and bitterness within, as a number of them afterward discovered.

The apple of Sodom which grew out of this religious mania was the Pauline Church, founded on new visions and signs, and what was called the internal movements of the spirit. Its members became like the fanatical and ignorant Greek pilgrims, who, having received the holy fire, and bathed in the Jordan, were assured of heaven. They went a step further than the men of the East—they became incapable of sin!

This was the starting-point of wild vagaries, developing into saints, perfectionists, and other eccentric sects, most of whom, as one of the first signs of their independence and revolutionizing spirit, attacked the institution of marriage. A much-quoted dictum of one of their first spiritual corporals was that, "when a man becomes conscious that his soul is saved, the first thing that he sets about is to find his paradise and his Eve." The leaders of the saints, to whom this doctrine was most agreeable, could not find paradise in their own homes, nor Eves in their own wives, and sought their "affinities" elsewhere. Old ties were given up; the kingdom of heaven was at hand; old rules were no longer binding; and old obligations were set aside. In the prayers and love-feasts it was taught that heaven was so near that the changes that were to take place there might be permitted on earth. Men and women, regardless of marital ties entered into previous to their new professions, selected their celestial companions. At first, such unions were to be of a purely spiritual character, but of course in the end became sexual, for, however much men and women may change, the laws of Nature remain unalterable.

In the beginning they were to be brothers and sisters in the Lord, to whom gentle endearments and holy caresses were permitted in the exercise of spiritual functions. Probably most of them were sincere in the idea of such relations, and their origin seems to have been founded on a vision which appeared to one of their leaders, who saw an immense throng of men and women in heav-

en who sought hither and thither in search of something necessary to their happiness, with an expression of longing depicted in their faces. The men hunted for women to complete their happiness, as women did for men. The spirit of yearning for an incomplete joy was everywhere visible in these great hosts. The seer gave as an interpretation to his vision that men and women were wrongly yoked in marriage on earth, and that this might be remedied by a proper and spiritual union in the terrestrial sphere before the departure for the celestial one. This interpretation of a spiritual affinity between man and woman was received with favor and even enthusiasm. The man who saw the vision set the example by putting his legitimate wife aside and taking to his bosom the comely wife of one of his brethren. Others quickly followed the example, and a number of husbands and wives separated to join their affinities. The union was popularly designated among them as spiritual wedlock.

Before long the spiritual union was found to be incomplete, and it assumed the ordinary character of that which exists between man and woman who live together in close intimacy. Men who lived with the wives of others, and women who lived with the husbands of others, produced a strange confusion, which was attended with heart-burning and litigation. Children were abandoned by their natural protectors.

It resulted in evils still worse. Men and women discovered that they had made a mistake in these spiritual unions, and, after having lived for a certain period together, they separated to make new selections. It soon came to pass that they made new selections in comparatively short periods of time, and the doctrine of spiritual affinity thus inevitably merged into gross licentiousness.

If the facts were not before us, some of these unions would appear incredible. These were what the French would call *ménages à trois*. The lawful husband and the spiritual one lived under the same roof, in some cases, with the one wife, who denied all conjugal rights to the husband in law and accorded them freely to the husband in spirit, and remarkable instances are furnished of the husband submitting to such a state of things as being in accordance with the Divine will. And such examples of degradation, according to the annals of the time, do not appear to have been rare.

This eccentric sect, and several others as eccentric and irregular in their way, were among the results which this revival left behind in the "burnt district." The converts of good judgment and honesty of purpose, it may be presumed, attached themselves to orderly denominations, but all who were possessed of tendencies toward mysticism, or what they called spiritual nature, underwent social revolution, and got lawful rights and duties mixed up with their religious vagaries to a confusion inextricable.

Such was the revival in its moral aspects. It had still a physical and mental side which was worse to contemplate, in the number of deluded people who were placed in the hospitals and insane asylums.

ALBERT S. RHODES.

## NEW BONNETS AND FINE DRESSING.

"I HAVE been buying a new bonnet, to-day," said I to Orestes.

"Yes, no doubt. Have you not been buying two new bonnets?"

"Yes, perhaps I have."

"And possibly three?"

"Well, since you insist upon it, I think I did buy three. One needs three bonnets, you know. There is the common black felt, for a hack; and then there is a nice and a grave one for church and high-toned amusements; and then the gay and bright one for wedding-receptions and—"

"And such low-toned amusements. Now, don't you know that by this bonnet-buying of yours you have exposed the reasons for the national debt, the present unhappy state of our financial affairs, and the cause of all the failures and monetary distresses; all because you women buy three bonnets instead of one. Why not buy one—a sort of a purple, or a green, or a red bonnet—that would do for all occasions, and save you fifty or a hundred dollars? I am sure you could not look so badly in one bonnet as you contrive to look in three. We might get used to one bonnet; but the horrors of three bonnets—each, I dare say, more eccentric than the last—is too much. I sat behind a lady at the theatre recently, and I never caught a sight of Miss Fanny Davenport, whom I very much admire, because of my neighbor's bonnet. I longed to arrange her with my cane, and say: 'My dear madam, keep your head there, or, if you please, here; but do not put that mass of plumage, foliage, and gauze veil, between me and Miss Fanny forever! I have paid for my seat, madam, why am I to be doctored of my view?' But, no, politeness demands that I should sit still, a humble martyr to a woman's bonnet!"

"All of which is an argument for a number of bonnets. Might not your offending lady, if she had had three bonnets, perhaps have selected one that you would have liked—let us say the red one (which is a probable bonnet), that would have been so quiet and nice, you know!"

"No, there is no such thing as a bonnet that pleases me. I have liked no bonnets since the cottage-straw which my mother used to wear, which shaded her dear face, and which I used to peep round and look under in church when I was a little boy."

"Not even the picturesque Rubens hat, which recalls Helen Froment?"

"Well, that is a slight improvement, and yet a woman must be very beautiful and picturesque and modest-looking to bear that exquisite head-dress."

"I grant you," said I, "that bonnets are constructed on the supposition that the face is to be beautiful, youthful, and modest, and, as all faces are not that (the more's the pity!), the effect is to make the face less beautiful, less youthful, and less modest."

"Yes, say brazen at once. I declare to you the effect of the modern bonnet has been

for years to make the female face brazen, and I think all this uncovering of the face and hair in the street has had a very pernicious effect on womanly manners."

"Why don't you, Orestes, at once announce yourself as an advocate of an Eastern veil, which covers all but one eye?"

"Ah, there you go again—womanly exaggeration! There was once a perfect medium in the bonnet—worn, say, in 1840. Look back through the fashion-plates, and come to that modest thing which women tied under their chin and then dropped down over their faces—a lace veil; that is my idea of a bonnet."

"And mine of a coal-scuttle," said I. "Why, you could not see that loveliest view of the face—a woman's profile. What did you lovers of 1840 do for a view of the face you loved—say, in church or at the theatre? You only saw a profile of straw."

"Ah! we caught glimpses—all the sweeter that we had to watch for one chance to see the flushing face; and then what a protection for the face that was no longer young or pretty—not, as now, exposed to all the adverse criticism of the—"

"Of all the Oresteses of society!"

"However, I do not stop at bonnets. I say that the extravagance of women has brought about all the financial distress of this nation."

"I thought I had heard something about the late war, Western railroads, and over-trading in other things besides silks and satins?"

"All bosh, I assure you. If, after our late war, which was an expensive calamity, no doubt—"

"Yes, I should think so!"

"—all women had economized, had declared that they would wear simple, inexpensive garments, that they would dress on a hundred dollars a year—"

"Hear him! hear him!" said I—

"—would put all their golden ornaments into the treasury, as the German women did, who, after Napoleon's wars, put their gold wedding-rings into the treasury, and received iron ones, with the inscription, 'For our love of country, we gave gold for iron,' then we should have been better off than we are now!"

"When you collect so much duty on our silks and satins, and thus are enabled to pay your interest and keep the government going? I have heard that every lady who bought a French dress and paid the duty on it was a patriot, and helping to pay the national debt."

"Yes; what a noble army of patriots we have, indeed! She is nobler than the lady who buys a French dress, and does not pay the duty, that is all!"

"Now, how much more do French dresses cost the nation than brandy and cigars?"

"Oh! brandy and cigars are necessities of life. Men will have them. They are all proper enough; but French dresses make women simply walking fashion-plates, exaggerations always of the real French dresses, which are modest, simple, unpretending. Have you not been in a shop in Paris, and been taken round to a distant counter to see the fashions '*pour les Américaines*'?"

"Oh, yes. I remember well in Paris seeing some preposterous collars, and asking the civil shop-woman if they were for fancy dresses. She said no; they were for the New York market. But that is not universal. We can all get pretty French things, if we try; and certainly a French dress in material, construction, and style, is worth ten dresses bought anywhere else."

"A feminine prejudice, I think. However, you women have long since ceased to dress for men. You dress now entirely for each other."

"So I have heard men say, and I deny it. Men feel the effect of beautiful dressing as much as women do, although they could not describe it so well. I walked up Fifth Avenue with a gentleman the other day, and every really well-dressed woman attracted his attention, and every one whom he especially admired had on a French dress."

"Oh, you had given him a hint; you had said, 'There goes a well-dressed woman,' and he had weakly yielded. Now, how much do men know about camel's-hair shawls, real lace, or the *chic* of a Worth dress?"

"They know *chic*—that is exactly what they do know, and real camel's hair and real lace produce *chic*."

"I am sorry I used one of your miserable slang words, for it has given you a temporary advantage."

"No. You fall into the common error of supposing that all dress, to be pleasing to women, must necessarily be expensive. Women regret the expensiveness of dress as much as men do; for even those who have a great deal of money would like to spend it on jewelry, or pictures, or even books—if you will forgive us for being so frivolous—rather than on the perishable dresses which we are forced to buy by the exigencies of fashion. The trouble it gives a woman to dress herself becomingly is another great drawback to the pleasure; for, of course, a love of dress was implanted by Nature in women just as all her other instincts by which she makes herself attractive are. So that a woman of moderate means goes forth in spring and fall to meet the terrible future of dress with any thing but a cheerful heart. The tyranny of dress-makers, who change the fashions perpetually, and that greater tyranny which *Évergénie* introduced, of a profusion of trimmings, make this a very serious business, and if our American women dress tastelessly sometimes it is because in attempting to rival the art of the French masters of costume with inexperienced hands they break down. It is the old story of the Irish cook trying to make a *vol au vent de volaille*. Now, the real French is not showy, it is simply elegant and fit."

"You mean 'fit' in the best sense—that is, adapted to the occasion?"

"Yes. You remember the old story of the anger of the politicians when Mr. Webster said that the nomination of General Scott was one '*not fit to be made*'? They thought he meant something very bad, as they say in New England '*not fit for any thing*,' when they wish to be utterly condemnatory. We get the true sense of some English words only when a master uses them. However, to return to our dresses. I think



American women would gladly dress more simply, and with less expense and trouble, if they could."

"Who in the vast universe prevents them?" said Orestes, with a pounding emphasis. "Certainly not the men."

"Yes, the men. No man would admire a woman in a *past fashion*; every man desires, in his heart, to see his wife, daughter, his lady-love, or his sister, in the best, prettiest, most elegant dress in the room."

"Yes, but he and she would never agree as to which was the best, prettiest, and most elegant. I like a plain dress, with no trimmings, one color and one material, no *tie-back* (that horror of horrors!), no immense and grotesque protuberance behind, and no high color."

"Don't you think that would be a little skimpy?" said I.

"Well, skimpy is a good word, and I accept it. I must say I do object to the idea and the thing, but a woman of good figure is never skimpy."

"There, you have reached the core at last. 'A woman of good figure.' Yes, she looks well in the dress you describe, but not one woman in fifty has a good figure. Dress is made measurably to conceal defects and heighten beauties, as moonlight is said to do; so those who are too thin, and those who are too stout, must be made to look well by judicious trimmings. It is really a concession to defects which brings about extraordinary fashions."

"And so the really beautiful figures have no chance, have they?" said Orestes.

"Oh, yes, they have their chance, and assert themselves, if only by grace of movement, but the inferior Venuses come up by the gracious interposition of fashion."

"Gracious interposition of fiddlesticks!" said Orestes, politely. "I hate fashion and all its works. I think it makes our women hideous. I think they have made it a Juggernaut, which they fall down and worship. They let it run over them, and crush them. Instead of being beautiful creatures, in a white muslin, with a rose in the hair, they are masses of silk, gauze, *passementerie*, frills, conflicting colors, and general confusion."

"You remind me of the negro minstrel's joke, who called *passementerie* 'pass 'em on to me.' It seemed to me at the races the other day that you found the best-dressed young ladies very charming, although they were very much dressed, and in those very objectionable articles you have named."

"Yes, I was trying to see if there really was an agreeable young woman among those disguised creatures. I felt for their martyrdom, too, poor things!—mounted on high heels, which tortured them, and laced out of all freedom of action; 'tied back' to that degree that they could not go up or down stairs except by extraordinary efforts. I said to myself, 'How are all these gentle hearts able to beat under such distressing circumstances? Why don't they stop? Why don't these poor things die?' That was what I was concerned in conjecturing."

"They have a great deal of vitality; they live even through more severe trials than those you have described," said I.

"How do you account for the enormous increase in the splendor, expense, and importance, of woman's dress within a few years?" said Orestes.

"I think the French Empire had a great deal to do with it. There was a beautiful woman on the throne; she had a number of rich and idle ladies in waiting, and Paris had nothing to do but to dance, flirt, and spend money, for several years. A good dresser, on a throne, can realize her dreams. Eugénie developed Worth and Pinchon, who soon learned how to make money out of female folly, and the stage caught it up. You know the *pièces des robes* became so fashionable and so expensive that the French actresses finally declared that they would not play in them if their salaries were not raised proportionately. They said, as Fanny Davenport said, very admirably, to a reporter the other day, that for dress to be confounded with true art was an insult to art, and that actresses did not wish to be remarked for the splendor of their dresses, but by the grace and fidelity with which they portrayed the passions. Still, no woman can have a success on the modern stage unless she is well dressed."

"I wish you would not use the term well-dressed—say expensively, showily, gaudily dressed."

"I will compromise, and say 'fashionably dressed'—and that includes also, unhappily, 'expensively' dressed. You see we have a powerful party against us, even if we should be strong-minded, and try to return to simplicity. We have the French dress-makers, whose interest it is to increase the sale of the silks and velvets of Lyons; and the thousand and one manufactures of Paris; then we have you men, who secretly like to see us fashionably dressed; then we have the deceitfulness and vanity of our own hearts."

"Yes, quite the latter, but leave out 'us men'; we like you better in one bonnet, a very quiet one, and one black silk or white muslin, than in all the paraphernalia of Worth."

"Did you know that Worth had a large aviary, and studied the colors of birds to teach him the mysteries of colors?"

"Yes, I think I remember one or two years ago, women looked like parrots, in two shades of yellow green. I wish I could say that the resemblance stopped with the dress."

"Well, birds know how to dress, if anybody does," said I. "Worth is now introducing a black dress with scarlet linings. I know the bird he gets that from; I had him in my garden this summer, the dear, shining, graceful, brilliant creature! I thought he was one of the best-dressed persons I had seen all summer."

"Yes, black and scarlet will do for some brunette, with rather a yellow skin, and white teeth, a delicate figure, such as your bird had, no doubt."

"It is true, my bird had a delicate figure—there was a gray bird, too, with a crimson throat; and also a Baltimore oriole, all flashing with orange and black, a feathered gem; and there were some humming-birds, gotten up in green and bronze. I do not think we could do better than to copy them."

"If judiciously, I should say yes, but some milk-white blonde will choose the Baltimore oriole, and some pale brunette the gray with the crimson throat, while some woman whose naturally sallow tints have been increased by eating hot bread will put on the humming-bird."

"Oh, no, hope for better things, Orestes! There were some distracting bluebirds for the blondes, and some tender doves, all purple, and drab, and brown, for those who have the apple-blossom complexion, for which you must acknowledge your countrywomen are famous."

"Yes, my countrywomen have good complexions, my countrywomen are beautiful, but they have not good taste in dress, they are exaggerated, they are too *voyantes*. You see I have to return to French when I express your faults and foibles. The French proverbs are all of dress, and vanity, and the shop. 'Adieu la voiture! adieu la boutique!' is their way of saying that 'the affair is over,' you know."

"Yes, but they also had Rochefoucauld."

"A Latin, born a thousand years after his time—but we will come back to your three bonnets. This is the text of my discourse—you might have done with one bonnet. Your grandmother did with one, and it lasted her, doubtless, three years."

"My grandmother lived in a different age from mine; she had a much better brocade than I ever shall have."

"Yes, she had that advantage over you. What she bought was better woven, better made, it lasted better, but she also had better sense: she knew too much to be the tool of a French dress-maker."

"She wrote out to France, three years before she wanted it, for a 'lute-string slip of pale rose-color, and lace lappets.'"

"And you have the lace lappets yet?"

"Yes, and French slippers with high heels, *à la Marie Antoinette*, and long gloves, and a white hat with enormous plumes, and no end of gimp going round and round in endless circles. That was one of her bonnets, and another is still extant with an artificial peony standing straight up from her pretty face. I rather think grandma was a daughter of Eve, and liked French fashions as well as we do."

"Perhaps! but she did not spend half so much money."

"I do not know; she had good solid gold and silver to spend, while we have only greenbacks. I think gold and silver must have been a check on the imagination."

"Yes, paper money has made us all wondrous extravagant, it is so easy to carry about. But since we are on the subject, do you see any diminution of extravagance? Is the hardness of the times affecting the prices or the splendor of woman's attire?"

"No, dresses are just as expensive, the *modistes* are run down with custom, the women are as gloriously arrayed as the king's daughter. I see no signs of retrenchment anywhere."

"Are all the ladies of fifty going to dress as if they were fifteen?"

"Not all—some of them will."

"That," said Orestes, solemnly, "is the

greatest of all feminine follies and mistakes, and when I say that, I have exhausted myself of my richest Jeremiad. A woman should dress always a little ahead of time; it is the wisest coquetry. But when she dresses behind time, old Father Time takes a most ungentlemanly revenge. He makes her look ten years older than she is."

"You might as well tell the country to resume specie payments; you might as well issue an order that it should snow to-morrow; you might as well try to turn the course of the Mississippi, as to try to influence the fashions, or to make women (most women) confess even to themselves that they have got to the period when they should dress according to their age."

Orestes was appeased by this confession, so he became very good-natured and rather dull.

"I think," said he, "that American women have one delicious charm—they are very neat, the neatest women in the world; that covers a multitude of sins."

"Yes, you have only to travel in foreign countries to find out that our American women have learned that supreme secret of beauty and attractiveness, cleanliness, freshness, good boots, good gloves, and plenty of soap-and-water. Those fresh complexions and clear eyes speak of cold baths and long walks."

"Yes," said Orestes, rather snappishly, recovering his ill-humor, "if they would wear plain gray woolen gowns, instead of flounced, furbelowed, tied-back silks, I should adore them."

"But tobacco and brandy cost more than silks, and are not half so ornamental."

"Pooh! look here, will you?" and Orestes took a paper from his pocket.

So long as I have known Orestes, and it is now many years, I have never met him that he had not a tabular statement somewhere about his person. He is the fiend of statistics.

"Just listen, will you?" said the fiend: "Wine, spirits, and cordials, imported into the United States at the port of New York, ten months ending April, 1875, six million four hundred and sixty-three thousand six hundred and fifty-two dollars; tobacco, five million seven hundred and seventy-three thousand five hundred and sixty-five dollars; silks, twenty-one million eight hundred and sixty-one thousand one hundred and six dollars; jewelry and precious stones, about three million; shawls, about two million; dress-goods of wool, eighteen million. Now, these are from the published statements of the New York custom-house, and you see nearly twenty-two million dollars for silks alone; all unnecessary, and all for you women."

"What is your coat lined with, Orestes?"

"Alpaca, I suppose—no, it is silk—I did not know."

"Then we women do not use *all* the silk; it is used for hangings and furniture-coverings, all the brocatelle things, and for lining the coats of you, the superior sex—don't charge us with all the twenty-two million dollars!"

"A very unfair, womanish argument."

"Besides," said I, "silk dresses are a ne-

cessity; what so pleasant, so appropriate, so useful, so neat, as a silk dress? The worms were invented, the mulberry-tree was planted, for woman; it is one of the few alleviations of her hard destiny that she can wear a silk dress. Why, see what an ungallant attack there is upon us in the *Galaxy*: 'A woman's *wrath* is of no consequence; a woman is of no importance except as she is the wife or mother of some man!' Did you ever hear of such preposterous assumption? You must have written that article, Orestes!"

"No, I did not write it; I only *thought* it!"

"You ought to pay for three of Worth's best silk dresses for your impudence. I do not regret the twenty-two million dollars spent for silks, when I read such a statement as that"—and I pass my hands lovingly over my satin skirt—"besides, your figures always falsify—they *always* deceive."

"Yes, particularly the figure of woman!"

"Now, Orestes, would you like to have Mrs. Orestes badly dressed, out of the fashion, in an unbecoming or inelegant dress?"

"No; but I do not mean to give her three bonnets of a winter."

"I have an idea that Mrs. Orestes will have as many bonnets as she wishes, and will get you to agree that every one of them is necessary, fit, and becoming!"

"No doubt, no doubt, you remember Thackeray's lines:

'And when a woman smiled,  
Old Adam was beguiled,' etc.

So we have no hope except in that good sense of the women themselves, and that generosity to which we never appeal in vain. Look at the women in our late war—we did not have to ask them then to drop their fancy-work and take up the knitting of stockings; we did not have to ask them to wear plain dresses, and go nurse in the hospitals. No! they were at the work before we thought of asking them. Now, when the nation is crippled and in debt, and the men staggering under a load of financial embarrassment, will they, *can* they dress so magnificently? Can they be willing to pay out such sums for silks and velvets when men love them better in simpler attire, and when they are really putting on another and another and another load for us to stagger under, by their indulgence in fine clothes? The more I talk with you, the more I see that the reform has got to come from woman herself. Nothing that man can say will ever influence her."

"I declare, Orestes, it is the worst sign of the hard times I have seen yet—you are getting pathetic!"

M. E. W. S.

## ADIRONDACK ADVENTURES.

I.

ONCE upon a time, I cannot say how long ago, at a certain place not very far from Lake Champlain, a party of fourteen, mostly Philadelphians, might have been seen stepping out from an hotel, kept by a proverbially kind and obliging host, into three large wagons of a most peculiar build.

The wagons, in fact, were positively queer, but the appearance of the above-mentioned fourteen, as they awaited the arrival of the horses, was more than queer. For these fourteen, who had come away from the hot city to indulge in the pleasures of fishing and hunting, and all the joys of a wild, camping-out life in the woods, very properly decided to leave their good clothes behind them.

So the people of those regions, believing that "dress"

"Makes the man, and want of it the fellow,"

started at this party in organized squads, and raised their wonder to the Nth power. There stood three men, who can be seen any day on Third Street near Chestnut, where brokers most do congregate, and are known as perfect Turveydrops of deportment, men who could tell you all you would want to know about the changes in the gold-market, in knit-jackets and army-shirts, like so many small boys in an orphan asylum. And there, in an old suit of butternut gray that would have done credit to any of the sons of Southern chivalry, grasping a double-barreled shot-gun with one hand and a Wesson rifle with the other, while innumerable small boys and *attacks* held fishing-rods and flies, stood one who, though he walks quietly down the principal street of the Centennial City every afternoon about five o'clock, was here calling out wildly, like Sempronius, for war to the very knife with all the tribes of deer, fish, and fowl, for miles around, and trusted, like Behemoth, that he could "draw up Jordan," or, in other words, that he would fish the streams all dry. And there was an M. D., whom we have frequently seen driving his two black ponies furiously, like the driving of Jehu, and could tell you every thing from the earliest recorded clinic to the questionable merits of the latest autopsy. He, too, looked as if he meant to enjoy himself as a very Mudjekewis in this Indian life.

Then there were six clergymen and three embryo ones, who all believed in the imposition of hands—at least as far as the mustard-pot and milk-pitcher were concerned—and equally agreed that man was "very far gone from original righteousness" when the deer kept well out of sight, and the sun, too; and when the seventh day of perpetual rain watered the fried pork and soaked the seats and beds, and provoked even these saintly men to use expressions savoring rather of strength than of righteousness. Then there were the guides, ten of them. "Human and various" best describes the entire lot.

That night, after a long ride, these same fourteen heroes, sitting side by side, might have been seen vacantly staring into futurity from the back-piazza of Martin's Hotel on Saranac Lake, justly styled by eminent geographers "the jumping-off place." Here was comfortably quartered Mr. Headley, the historian, and first writer of Adirondack adventures. Here we saw returning parties laden with trophies of their sport in the wilderness, full of strange tales of good luck; parties whose joys were those of retrospect, as ours were joys of anticipation; parties who looked as if they had been through a campaign, and were candidates for some antibilious treat-

ment. Then, too, we felt that we were through with hotels; that we took our own destiny in our hands, when, like Sherman cutting loose from all base of supplies, we should have to be dependent upon our own exertions. Already our appetites were something fearful. That very noon, while resting at a half-way hotel at Franklin Falls, we had partaken of a good dinner for fifty cents, where the following indication of shrewdness and hunger on the part of guest and feminine intuition on the part of waitress occurred. It happened that I did not eat my triangular allowance of blueberry-pie, whereupon the mild-mannered doctor, who sat next to me, observed:

"Don't you want any pie?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, give me your clean plate and take mine, and in that way I will get more."

So the waitress was called, and, with a bland and smiling face, the doctor said:

"Mary, I think I will take a piece of pie."

But, on the principle Emerson mentions in one of his essays, where he says that a murder is no sooner committed than Nature sends a snow-storm to track the murderer's flying foot, the fatal blue, smeary daub upon the mouth betrayed the hidden deceit, and the girl, faithful to the best interests of her employer, spoke out:

"I rather guess you've had all the pie you'll get to-day. If that there young man wants his'n, he can have it; but we don't go it here *dead-head on pie!*"

But we were through with hotels now, and were to feed, and cook, and wait upon ourselves.

Let me describe our party as we sat on the back-piazza of Martin's, with the rain pouring down in torrents, with the barometer "set" rain for a week, with the guides and the boats ready and paid for, and "bitterly thought of the morrow."

First came the delegation from Massachusetts, which was known as the party of Job and his three friends. We called Rev. Dr. — Job, because he bore so patiently the upbraiding presence of his tormenting guide "Dirty Mart," and because his young theological friends were like Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, in their sympathetic consolations.

This Dirty Mart used to break in upon his reverend friend's meditations, as they were rowing along the lake with stories and personal reminiscences which were very far from the environment of their lovely surroundings. His highest boast was that he never washed himself. His hat, he said, he had worn for the last eight years, and that in all probability it would last for eight years more. Thus, whenever Job was lifted up to heaven by the beauty and loveliness of the scenery, he was immediately cast down again to the lower earth by this unmoved son of the wilderness.

Then there was a reverend brother from the West. His feet and pantaloons were wet and muddy, and were hardly like the "beautiful feet of those who preach the gospel of peace," of whom the apostle speaks. He

was grievously afflicted with that malady little Miss Pankey had—"the sniffles"—which disease, she was informed, would exclude her from the blessed society of heaven because it was not of such sniffing ones that the kingdom of heaven was composed. This brother was near-sighted, and ate immoderately of maple-molasses, and so he was called the Rev. Wackford Squeers.

Next to Squeers sat a Third Street broker. He was a good fellow, superintendent of a large Sunday-school, and generally the soul of good-humor—but this night he was suffering from the effects of undigested huckleberry-pie, and things went wrong with him. Dave, his guide, said he was "a fellow that didn't care nothin' for nobody," and, though this statement was too general for his daily walk and conversation, it described his condition exactly when in a state of physical ailment.

Then there was another business-man who had never seen a deer before, save at menageries and in the pictures of his natural-history books. But he had a murderous-looking pistol in his belt, and a rifle by his side; his trousers were tucked in his boots, and he had a quantity of straps and buckles over his shoulders. He looked like campaign pictures of John C. Fremont, the path-finder, and he sat by the hour on Martin's piazza, whistling. Some men whistle when they are ashamed, as when they pass by importunate mendicants; and some men whistle when they are afraid, as when they pass by graveyards at night. But this young man was neither ashamed nor afraid. He had just eaten a hearty supper at the time we are describing him, and consequently he was happy. In fact, if his head was as full as his stomach, he was wise as well as happy. However this may be, our young friend was ready for the morrow. His name was Oliver Twist, because, like Dickens's little hero from the "Workus," he was forever asking at meal-time for "more!" And then, too, his round-about pen-jacket reminded us all of little Oliver. Besides, he was good, but green—with reference to deer-slaughtering.

After Oliver came the Divinity-Student. He was dressed in an old uniform of the University Light Artillery of Philadelphia. In the good old war times, in the famous division of Philadelphia "home-guards"—a set of men of whom it was erroneously reported that they guarded their houses until the Confederates invaded Pennsylvania, and then marched North—this uniform might have been proudly seen in many a brilliant parade. But time, and the moth and rust of disuse, had made of it only the shabby remains of gentility. It was tight for this theological student, and it was tawdry as well as tight, and it was hot, and the blue dye came off, and it smelt of camphor and tobacco-ends, and the gold-lace on it had become very dim, but still this young man, like Asher on the sea-coast, "abode in his breeches."

Next to this theolog ("heavy-log") sat a reverend gentleman, who didn't expect to do much shooting, but had come for the "delights of camp-life," the "pure air, you know," and the "reinvigorating sleep on the hemlock branches." He had three large volumes

of "Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences," of which, in our six weeks' camping out, he read about thirty pages in volume number one. He was very good at prayers, which we had daily, but bad beyond measure in eating fried pork and hard-tack, and sitting on moist boards around the festal table during the wet, wet days of the August storm. Satan daily tempted him with saying, with unadvised lips, "Confound this weather!" Sometimes, when the other five ministerial brethren were within hearing, he got over this temptation, but if he was alone with the guides, Satan generally had his own way. He was very intense in every thing he did: intense in hating wet hemlock-boughs to sleep on; intense in thinking "what a pity it was we didn't come earlier;" intense in blowing up the guides because they were late with meals. But he used to leave bags and bundles at the last stopping-place all through the lakes, and then would have to go back for them—which made his guide very mad. He wore corduroy trousers, a military hat, with cross-cannons on it, like General Sherman's, and a red shirt. He used to hum a great many airs, sacred and secular. Among these, his favorite air, which he sang like the trained goldfinches in cages, always up to a certain point and never beyond it, was "Garibaldi's Hymn." And so we called him "Garibaldi."

"The Ancient Mariner" was the next hero—a doctor of divinity, and rector of a large city church. He was the author of several books, and was never known to be idle for a moment. His letters and envelopes were all covered over with notes of lectures and addresses. He used to sit by the camp-fire and write, and used to get up with the sun to keep on writing. He had a wicked-looking pistol in his sash, which I believe was never loaded. He wore a gray shirt, which was too tight to be buttoned round the neck. He left it open, therefore, and it had a very loose, rollicking, "wild-frenzy-rolling" effect. He looked as Byron would have looked had he lived to be fifty-five years old.

Then there was the medical doctor, who had to be good with so much divinity around. He had a long, blue, army overcoat, which he used as a night-gown. He also had a shotgun, which he loaded three times consecutively, forgetting on each occasion that he had loaded it before, and that it had never been discharged. So, as it was shot down to the muzzle, he never fired it off, but simply carried it about for the "feel and the look of it." We called him the Medicine-Man.

The Merchant-Man and the Fireman sat beyond the Medicine-Man, talking about the prospects of their journey. The Divinity-Student and the Merchant-Man were in love with the same young lady. Consequently, they were a little jealous of each other. The Fireman was the "middle-man" of the affair, "the mutual friend" and "go-between," and so he was first thick with one of these gentlemen and then thick with the other. His advice was consulted daily as to what was to be done, and as to how far the other was "in." Being himself the veteran of a hundred love-affairs, his advice was the more



eagerly sought from the fact that he drew largely from precedents in his own experience. He was called the Fireman because he wore a red shirt, but he helped, also, to quench love-flames.

The fourteenth and last of the party was the one great enthusiast for hunting and fishing, whom our expedition was always proud to remember. His name was Nimrod, the mighty hunter. He was always bright and hopeful about the weather. Every new day's rain was a clearing-up shower. Every new lake was "the great place for fish." Every new camping-ground was the promised land of venison.

"Thorough bush,  
Thorough brier,  
Over lake,  
Over fire,  
He would wander everywhere,  
Lighter than the morning air."

Nimrod always dreaded the Sundays, while the guides rejoiced in them, but not for devotional reasons. At ten o'clock every Sunday all hands would march into the large tent, where a full cathedral service, according to the Episcopal Church, would be held—every one sitting down, however, as there was not room for us to stand up. One Sunday, during the reading of the sermon, Nimrod fell sound asleep, and snored a basso snore, with a full, deep, rhythmical cadence. We smiled all around, preacher and congregation alike, but, as he had been out night-hunting all the previous night, and late into the sacred hours of the Sabbath morning, we wisely and charitably allowed him to slumber serenely on. Suddenly a rifle-shot, from some ungodly Sabbath-breaking party, was heard, apparently very near us, whereupon Nimrod started up from his slumbers, shouting out, "Who fired?" but, finding himself in the environment of Christian worship, at once assumed the attitude of the attentive listener with a sanctimonious suddenness which defies description. But Nimrod could quote Scripture very deftly whenever he wanted to swing the clergy around to his opinions. One very rainy day, when the reverend clergy did not want to go out deer-hunting in the wet, and yet loathed the pork and hard-tack in the way that the stiff-necked Israelites abhorred their surplusage of quails, Nimrod remarked, "We cannot expect the Lord to send us a deer unless we give ourselves up cheerfully to the work, for St. Paul tells us that 'the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.'"

## II.

Book number two in Homer's "Iliad," you will remember, contains an enumeration of the forces comprised in that expedition. Chapter number two in this Adirondack adventure, by a strange coincidence, contains ditto—

"Arma virumque cano," likewise the ten guides who represented many different phases of uncultured character. They were "simple children of Nature," unspoiled by the injurious effects of too much civilization. Exactly so! O ye social scientists and political economists of the optimist order, as the poet Thomson says—

"See here thy pictured life!"

Job saw it; Squeers saw it; Garibaldi saw it; and after six weeks of sight believed more thoroughly than ever that, as a rule, human nature lives pretty well up to the doctrine of total depravity.

It was up Saranac Lake that our fleet of ten boats ploughed their way to Corry's, where we halted for the night. Enis, our Indian guide, went first with Bildad and Zophar, two friends of patient Dr. Job. We might add "So-phar, so good"—but we are opposed to the habit of punning, and do not intend to spoil the otherwise classical character of this article with poor jokes. We doubt very much, however, if the untutored mind of this Indian was burdened with the sight of God in the clouds, or the hearing of him in the wind according to Alexander Pope's description of the genus Indian. At least we would not have thought of this without the poet's assistance. It was never a basilar trait of this guide to call our attention to clouds or wind as in any way a symbol of the unknowable. Then came Oliver Twist and the Fireman, in a boat rowed by a youth who rejoiced in the prophetic name of Elias. This young man ended and began all important remarks with an appeal to some unknown hero or divinity named *Goll*!

Close upon this party followed the Divinity-Student and the Merchant-Man; they were both good-looking young fellows, but, as I have said before, were both sadly in love with the same young lady, and no doubt tried not to appear jealous of each other as they sat at opposite ends of the boat, and wrote letters to her of the beautiful scenery as it appeared to the one of them from the bow of the boat, and to the other of them from the stern. Occasionally they would stop the Fireman's boat, nominally to get water or a light for their cigars, but in reality to get a quotation right, or to take an *ad captandum* hint. They had a bright little French boy for their guide, whose name was Oliver. A remarkable feature of this guide was his willingness to pick raspberries for his two men whenever there was nothing else to be done. After these gentlemen came George and Squeers, with a nasal-speaking guide named Dave. Garibaldi came next, in a boat rowed by one "Hanc," a contraction for Henry or Henricus (hence the final letter c). Hanc did more rowing than any of the other guides, and was generally worked up about it, because Garibaldi was so absorbed in the preface to "The History of the Inductive Sciences" (he never got much beyond the preface), that he usually left his bag or shawl bundle at the last stopping-place and then sent Hanc back for them. So Hanc would go back, muttering fearful things over the quiet surface of the lake, his vigorous rowing plainly indicating his disturbed state of mind, while Garibaldi would gather hemlock-branches for his tent and exclaim, "Isn't this delightful?—such pure air, you know!"

Following this party came the Ancient Mariner with Douglas, his guide, generally known as Dug; then came the Medicine-Man with the reticent Bill, who chewed tobacco twenty out of the twenty-four hours in the day, and consequently was denied by this habit the faculty of much talking. Next

followed the patient Job—trying to enjoy the scenery and the *Contemporary Review* in turns, but everlastingly dosed with the peculiar phraseology of Dirty Mart. Then came Nimrod, ever on the alert for deer, ducks, and feathered fowl of every description—rowed by John Grover—a man who took delight in telling of past successes, and in prophesying, Cassandra-like, a dismal and unpropitious future. Last of all came Sammy Dunning, bringing with him the camp equipage and provisions.

Sammy was a very reminiscent character, full of stories, which he shot off one by one in a general blaze of brilliant description, with a Roman-candle-like effect, a stream of colored stories always issuing forth whenever he was started.

He was very severe on Bostonians: thought the modern Athens was a one-horse place, and was merry over his account of a party he had recently from that place, who would go out night-hunting, and shot what they thought was a large deer, but were waited upon in the morning by a farmer with a bill for a fine cow they had shot in the dark!

In this order we moved up Saranac Lake and over to Round Lake to "Corry's," where we pitched our tents for the night. As we landed, we were met by Job and his three friends, who informed us, not being as yet familiar with the camp lingo, that the guides were burning a large *midge* to keep the *smudges* away. Corry's was the scene of one of Job's friend's sickness (it was Eliphaz the Temanite, if we remember rightly).

He had cholera-morbus, and, though he was suffering horribly, still, like Mrs. Micawber, who would never desert her husband, these gentlemen would not desert their homeopathic principles. There slept the old-fashioned Medicine-Man, with good tonics and cordials wrapped up in his blue military cloak; but these gentlemen thought if homeopathy was good enough to live by it was good enough to die by. So, after a council in the dark, they gave their patient two pellets of acconite in a pail of cold water, which dose was to be repeated every two hours; so Eliphaz rubbed and rolled all night, and felt in the morning that the acconite had done him great good and was just the thing. (Happy thought! Good subject for an essay, "Effect of Imagination and Superstition on the Human System.")

## III.

Six weeks' camping out, and then home again—this is the rest of our story. Up Saranac River and Long Lake, over Raquette River to Blue Mountain Lake, loveliest of lakes, and back again, shooting and fishing, and having hosts of adventures, comprised the bulk of our doings. Who can forget the night-fires and the roaring, burning pine-trees; the lake ripples by the tents on the shore, the moonlight views, and the glad surprises of success? who can rightly estimate the effect of such an out-door life as this, in its recuperating, invigorating influence upon the tired-out human frame?

Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, in his little tract called "Wear and Tear," shows us very clearly how the worn-out American, by climate and habit of life, paralyzes his

native strength, and must needs seek fresh building-up power by the rugged life of the heathen or the animal.

The Lake Superior country is a great field for wasted energies. And six weeks in the Adirondacks does the work well. If you doubt this, ask any of our party, from Oliver Twist and Squeers to the Ancient Mariner and Nimrod, and they will say with Tom Moore—

"Oh, if there's an elysium on earth,  
It is this—it is this!"

Talking of poetry, we too had poetry. Nimrod shot at a loon all one Saturday to no purpose, and the Medicine-Man drew a picture of the scene and wrote as follows:

"This is the loon so laughing and shy,  
Which Nimrod's dread rifle did often defy;  
Whenever he fired she dove so far under,  
To guess where she'd gone to was ever the wonder."

At another time Nimrod fired at a large heron.

"I saw the feathers fly," said his guide, John Grover.

"I told you so," replied Nimrod.

"Yes," answered the imperturbable John, "but they all flew together!"

Whereupon the Medicine-Man made a picture of the scene, and wrote:

"This is the heron all long-necked and ready,  
Which Nimrod had shot if she'd only held steady,  
But Nimrod was sure there was no need of tether,  
For the feathers did fly, though they all flew together."

Oliver Twist and the Fireman, on their way up Saranac Lake to the camping-ground, stopped their boat and fired each with a rifle at a duck and a mud-hen for the greater part of an afternoon. But neither of these birds appeared to mind it at all or to be moved from the immediate duty of the hour. At last Oliver thought it was only a log, and poked at it with his oar, whereupon it flew away.

The next day pictures of the above scenes appeared, with the following lines:

"Behold here the wee little duck  
Which the Fireman blazed at in luck;  
When he said, 'Are you shot?'  
She replied, 'I am not—  
I'm not such a fool of a duck.'"

"Here is the curious old mud-hen  
Which Oliver Twist thought was wooden,  
For he fired away,  
But there she did stay,  
And nothing could move this old mud-hen."

But where are the adventures?

Well, one of them was on a Sunday at Gangetteville, when these fourteen unshaven heroes, in their camping-out costumes, went to church, and never heard or saw the like. Another adventure was when Nimrod chased a "beautiful buck" all night, and heard him whistle as he got away. Thereupon the Merchant-Man and Twist imitated him, and came home, leaving their Jack-o'-lantern behind them, having been frightened by a bear. The next day, Sunday, Oliver fell in the lake, being frightened as he thought of the past night. As we had no clothes to put him in, we wrapped him up in a big shawl, and carried him to the tent where the service was held. As he couldn't get his arms out, he looked like an Egyptian mummy, or the conventional cherub—all head. We would set him up like a bale of cotton-

goods, and feed him with a spoon, while he opened and shut his mouth like a young robin or a toy nut-cracker. Oliver said he would never go night-hunting again if he lived to be as old as Methuselah.

Then one of the party went out on a deer-hunt one day, and came home quickly in his boat, having shot himself in the leg. He thought he was going at once, and we were all frightened. But—who would believe it?—there was the burnt hole in his pantaloons where the shot had gone in, and there was the mark on the leg; but, instead of fainting or carrying on, he quietly waited a while, and then went home—like Mark Tapley, keeping jolly under the circumstances.

As for our adventures, there were hosts of them. Nimrod never came near a wild animal of any kind that there wasn't some wonderful story, like that of the beautiful buck who whistled, no doubt because he was so happy.

It was impossible to put such a company together without every day bringing forth its own peculiar adventures.

But, by-and-by the last day of the vacation came, and, like Hiawatha, saying farewell to the people, and the forests, and the heron and Shu-shu-gah, in their haunts among the fen-lands, we

"parted in the glory,  
In the purple mists of evening."

## HEMLOCKS.

(TERZA RIMA.)

I KNEW a forest, tranquil and august,  
Down whose green deeps my steps would  
often stray,  
When leisure met my life as dew meets dust!

Proud spacious chestnuts verged each wind-  
ing way,  
And hickories in whose dry boughs winds  
were shrill,  
And tremulous white-boled birches. Here,  
one day,

Strolling beside the scarce-held steed of will,  
I found a beautiful monastic grove  
Of old primeval hemlocks, living still!

Round it the forest rustled, flashed and thrrove,  
But here were only silence and much gloom,  
As though some sorcerer in dead days had  
wove,

With solemn charms and muttered words of  
doom,  
A cogent spell that said to time "Depart!"  
And locked it in the oblivion of a tomb!

Thick was its floor, where scant ferns dared to  
start,  
With tawny needles, and an old spring lay,  
Limpid as crystal in its dusky heart!

Vaguely enough can language ever say  
What sombre and fantastic dreams, for me,  
Held shadowy revel in my thought that day!

How stern similitudes would dimly be  
Of painted braves that grouped about their  
king;  
Or how in crimson firelight I would see

Some ghostly war-dance, whose weak cries  
took wing  
Weirdly away beyond the grove's dark  
brink;  
Or how I seemed to watch, by that old spring,

The timid phantom deer steal up to drink!  
EDGAR FAWCETT.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

SOME one having deplored the lack of a "reputable lounge" in our city for holiday resort, the *Evening Post* responded by saying that we would have places of the kind whenever we wanted them badly enough to support them. "The fact," it goes on to say, "that we have nothing of the sort, while in European cities such establishments are altogether a matter of course, suggests a peculiarity of American character and habit which is a very great credit to us as a people. When freed from the cares of business, we are so well content to remain at home in the enjoyment of domestic pleasures, that not the most enterprising of managers is willing to risk his money in an attempt to win us away from our own firesides by the attractions of any sort of public establishment whatever. We are a domestic, home-loving people, with resources enough within ourselves to make holidays pleasant without the necessity of resorting to public haunts for the purpose of killing time; and it is a hopeful fact in our national character that we are so."

We think it indisputable that the Americans are a domestic, home-loving people, and that places of public resort are not so frequented here as abroad is largely due to that fact. It is often said that the club cannot flourish in American cities as it does in England, and while many reasons for this have been given, we are inclined to think that our domestic proclivities indicate the principal cause. Still there are some points to be made on the other side. It is scarcely right for the *Post* to assume that our public would not gather in picture-galleries and Crystal Palaces on holidays, when we see them thronging in great numbers to the theatres on those occasions. There are those who do not go to the theatre, those who dislike the great crowd that gathers in them on holidays, and these would be gratified if there were some reputable place like the Crystal Palace or the National Gallery of London, where they might spend at least a portion of a holiday. Moreover, the domestic gatherings of Thanksgiving and Christmas do not usually occur until in the afternoon, and there are many persons who, while contemplating with agreeable anticipation the hour of the social meeting, would be very glad for some reputable lounging-place where the intervening time might be pleasantly passed. On holidays the theatres are overcrowded, the galleries of the picture-dealers are closed, the parks are excessively thronged, or else the weather is inclement, and hence on these occasions there are thousands who long for some agreeable, reputable place where a few hours may be profitably passed.

While still believing all that the *Post* says about our national fondness for domestic pleasures, we may yet ask how it is that with foreigners so distinctly a reverse idea of us is entertained? English people who come to this country repeatedly assert that we live in hotels and boarding-houses, and that our women disport themselves continually in public. We have no domestic life, they say. That this assertion is preposterously untrue, that in fact we are peculiarly a domestic people, we all know to be the case; but how is it that this wrong judgment should get abroad? We have already pointed out the fact that the reason why club-life is a feeble exotic with us is because our men are too domestic in their tastes for it. And Mr. Nadal, in his charming sketches of London social life, makes one statement that indicates why clubs are so flourishing in the English metropolis. Few houses, he tells us, are open to visitors, except on set occasions. The freedom of the social evening call is not understood there as it is here—and it is less enjoyed in New York than in other American cities. In America, informal visiting makes every house a sort of small club. No young man need resort to a public place for entertainment; he is sure of finding many parlors open, the piano uncovered, and the ladies in charming toilets prepared to receive all who present themselves. These facts are proof of our domestic inclinations—and hence we must ask again, Why in face of all the evidence are we charged with living almost wholly in public?

We have asked this question frankly because we have no answer to give. We know there is a large public with us living in hotels and boarding-houses, and it is asserted that this class coming soonest to the notice of a stranger he naturally forms the conclusion that our whole people are a boarding-house set. If this is the sole reason for the English opinion of us in this particular, then we can only say that English travelers are simply blind and stubborn fools. All around them are innumerable facts to establish the domestic tendency of the great majority of our people. At best, hotels and boarding-houses are excessive in a few cities only—where the occupants are as often foreigners as natives—while commonly it is the pride and delight of an American to own his own roof-tree; and this, to quote the language of the *Post*, "is a most hopeful fact in our national character."

It is a very general notion that elocution is simply an art of using the voice, of expressing feeling by tones, and hence that it is rather an æsthetic than an intellectual accomplishment. An article in the last *SCIENCE MONTHLY*, entitled "Reading as an Intellectual Process," by Mr. E. O. Vaile, is gen-

erally very just and accurate, the tenor of its argument being that people are not taught to read in such a way as to fully grasp the meaning of the matter written; but, in assuming that elocution or oral reading is nothing more than the power of vocal expression, the writer seems to us wrong. We quote from the article as follows:

"Pupils are drilled almost daily in reading, from the time they are six until they are sixteen, and yet they cannot read. They pass over that which to them is intelligible and that which is not intelligible alike, without discrimination. Words, words merely, are their only currency. Professors of elocution, and teachers of reading, do not impart the power we need. They teach us an accomplishment, but neglect our necessity. They make oral reading a high and important end, while it is simply a means, and should so be used. Our children are taught as though a large portion of their existence were to be spent in reading aloud; whereas, probably not one-fiftieth of all the reading done by people in ordinary circumstances is of that kind. For most of us, it is our intellectual business in life to understand, to receive, to unload, as it were, that which others have put aboard. At least ability in this line is what we need infinitely more than the mere art of conveying thought. The number is comparatively small of those who are called upon to create, to body forth the soul either as orators or writers. The truth is, within the proper and legitimate sphere of school-reading, the cultivation of the organs of speech should be strictly subordinate to the great end of acquiring and retaining thoughts. . . . to acquire the power of obtaining from the printed page, and by means of the eye only, ideas clearly and quickly. This should be the foremost thing with every teacher. Tone, emphasis, inflection, and general expression, are, or should be, only the test-marks to indicate to the teacher whether or not the thought as presented by the printed words is fairly lodged in the mind of the learner. This perfectly subsidiary character of oral reading and the actual comprehension of the thought are almost entirely lost sight of. The subject is taught as a fine art, an art of expression only, the same as music, instead of the art of soul-perceptions, the art of seeing and feeling ideas and sentiments."

These remarks are justified, perhaps, by the sort of elocution that is frequently taught in our schools, but legitimate elocution is the very thing to secure the end desired by Mr. Vaile. Tone and expression are necessary but not primary things in good elocution, the first object being always to discover and express by emphasis and inflection the exact meaning of the author under study.

It is the special function of elocution to shape and body forth the meaning of a sentence, and this is accomplished first by an accurate placing of emphasis, secondly by inflections which shall indicate the shades of thought, and thirdly by tones which shall express the feeling or sentiment. Every competent elocutionist trains himself to look closely and scrutinizingly for the exact

thought of his author, and hence there could be no better method than oral reading of the right kind for teaching pupils to go to the idea, and not to gallop idly and unintelligently over the sentences they are perusing. It is true that in some instances elocution is very little more than sound and expression. A pupil who is studying to read orally Poe's "Bells" is concerned principally with its ventriloquial effects; but one who attempted to read aloud *Hamlet's* soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," would make havoc with it if he did not seize its meaning, and express the exact thought. Mr. Vaile says that "tone, emphasis, and inflection, should be only test-marks to indicate whether the thought is fairly lodged in the mind." This is quite true, and in order that tone, emphasis, etc., may indicate rightly, it is necessary for the reader to discover and comprehend the thought which he must express. Mr. Vaile also says that "the great question with our readers is not, Do we understand others? but, How to make others understand us." Is it not certain that we cannot make others understand us unless we first understand that which we attempt to express? The right sort of oral reading is based on right understanding. It enforces clearness of comprehension, promotes accuracy of analysis, compels the reader to think, and tends to cure the slovenly habit called short-hand reading—merely glancing over sentences—to which many readers are prone.

It not seldom happens that we see with indifference things said in the papers of a public man while he is yet living, which, said on the morrow of his death, would seem to everybody a sort of sacrilege. The epithets, for instance, which might have been culled about the late Vice-President, within a fortnight of his decease, would have produced a general shock, if uttered while his remains were being borne to his native earth. Before, there were unjust rancor and partisan taunts; after, extravagant panegyric. As one reads the glowing tributes of praise lavished over the grave of an eminent man gone, the forgetfulness of antagonisms, the impulsive testimony of rivals and opponents to his worth, one cannot but regret that he could not have enjoyed these sweets of praise while living. Death throws a retrospective halo over his career; how often does it occur to us that he was just as good when we thought ill of him, or failed to appreciate him, as he seems to us now that we glance back at him across the mysterious chasm! Yet, as we listen to the funeral orator or the lamenting poet, we have in most cases an uneasy feeling that the indiscriminating panegyric sounds somewhat hollow, constrained, and insincere. We cannot

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wholly believe, as they would have us, that the dead were better than are the living; that the only nearly perfect men were they who have died. Seldom is it, indeed, that we can enjoy to the full the sad luxury of unqualified eulogy—when our hearts may freely thrill at the glowing words of praise, and echo, "All this is true, at least, of *this* man." So it has come to pass that eulogy has become cheap and formal, and thereby loses its chief value as spurring to emulation and teaching by example.

The sadly-ludicrous contrast between what is said of a man the day before, and what the day after his death, is double lesson. We are too much in the habit of depreciating the characters, impugning the motives, exaggerating the weaknesses of our opponents. The hostile politician is too prone to charge dishonest ambition; the hostile critic to impute plagiarism and to magnify slips of the pen; the rival artist to suggest charlatanism. Is it not a sort of remorse which impels us, as soon as a man dies, to rush to the other extreme, and burden his memory with "every virtue under heaven?" Yet, for the dead themselves, the reparation comes just too late. They cannot enjoy the sweetness of praises from an enemy. It does them no good—does it the world? Might not the dead be really more appreciated, and their memory held more dear, if it were gently and tenderly hinted that they were mortal, that their virtues outshone faults? Meanwhile, might we not, with justice and right feeling, carry somewhat of our praise and kind expression to the balance kept this side of the grave? There is no nobler emotion than that which prompts a man to utter honest praises of an antagonist; and there are few, we hope, who do not read with pleasure, in a party paper or a sectarian review, a generous tribute to one with whose opinions or aspirations they are at war. Lord Brougham's feigning of death, that he might enjoy the eulogies of his contemporaries, was really a sharp satire alike on the excess of abuse heaped upon the famous living, and the indiscriminating flattery lavished upon the famous dead.

In the article in this week's JOURNAL, discoursing upon new bonnets and fine dresses, occurs the repetition of an assertion very generally current. "French dresses," says the censorious Orestes, who is one of the talkers in an animated conversation, "make women simply walking fashion-plates, exaggerations always of the *real* French dresses, which are modest, simple, unpretending. Have you not, in a French shop, been taken round to a distant counter to see the fashions '*pour les Américaines*?' " Whereupon the other speaker confirms this

statement by saying: "Oh, yes. I remember well in Paris seeing some preposterous collars, and asking the civil shopwoman if they were for fancy dresses. She said no; they were for the New York market."

The charge here made is so often repeated, that we suppose it must be true, but it is somewhat singular that in some other things a distinctly reverse action is at work, foreign articles needing modification and simplifying for the American market. We learn that wall-paper manufactured in this country from French designs has to be modified and toned down to suit the American taste. French furniture, with its excess of gilding, has only recently come into use in this country, and so far it remains an exotic, seen in a few pretentious parlors only. Confronting it, and spreading much more rapidly, is the taste for what is called Eastlake furniture, the severe and substantial features of which are much more consonant to our national likings. In fact, it is only those of our people who have lived abroad, or those who are here directly under the influence of European example, that really appreciate the wonderful brocades, the flowered silks, the gay hangings, the satin and gilded sofas, the innumerable articles of household display that come from abroad. The native American taste is too cold rather than too fond of color. It may not be generally known that the white tableware so commonly used here is manufactured abroad expressly for our use, taste there having no liking for chilling table-service. Books in France are usually published in paper covers, and hence we cannot make a comparison between French and American binding; but English book-binding, in those volumes which admit of decorative designs, is much more showy than ours. Even in library books the English have no liking—and no wonder—for the cold, severe sheepskin covering which is so much in use here for the more solid kinds of book. It is so commonly assumed by certain critics that American taste is barbarous and delights in excessive show and noisy contrasts, that it is well to note these facts on the other side. There are no doubt many other things in which our home fashions contradict the current theory.

It is not altogether unnatural that the proposition of Edouard Laboulaye and other Frenchmen of note, to erect in New York Harbor a colossal statue of Liberty, should be received with perplexity and surprise. But assuredly there is no reason why this daring and unique project should encounter derision from our people. It may be true that the idea and plan of this colossal statue, which is to be of bronze a hundred feet high, placed on a pedestal of similar height, are

too visionary, but there is no better way to bring the generous purpose of the distinguished Frenchmen engaged in the enterprise to naught than by laughing at it. We are bound in courtesy to entertain the spirit of the proposal in a generous and cordial manner, even if it should so happen that, like many other great projects, it should prove to be impracticable. Instead of sneering at the proposition, it would be better for us to take hold of it and help it along. Great achievements come only of great designs. It may be thought, perhaps, that if such a statue is to be erected at all, the task should be undertaken by ourselves—and certainly it would be preferable for some reasons that a grand monument of the kind should be a product of our own love of liberty and zeal in art—but as this cannot be the case, let us accept with good grace the noble testimonial of our Gallic friends. The reader who may care to learn further particulars of this project will find a few details of it in the department of "Arts."

WE have the following from a correspondent at Washington. It may not be known that the Union Club of New York transferred its kitchen several months ago from the basement to the attic.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
November 29, 1875.

MR. EDITOR: In view of the fact that your very sensible "odorless-elevated-culinary-department" proposition seems to provoke smiles from certain of your readers, it may be of some satisfaction to you to learn that the plan is actually being carried out in what is to be the finest restaurant in this city. The marble building, familiarly known as the "Marble Saloon," opposite Ford's Opera-House, will shortly open as a restaurant, with its kitchen in the attic-story. Now for the gardens on the Opera-House!

SUBSCRIBER.

## Literary.

### HOLIDAY BOOKS.

ONCE a year, at least, literary criticism becomes literally "the gay science," and the critic's surroundings bloom out into unwonted splendor. In lieu of the piles of sober-colored, close-cut, and repellant-looking volumes which usually confront him, he finds his table spread with books, each of which demands a place by itself, while sundry specially choice volumes, too dainty even for this much of exposure, find their way into drawers and other receptacles which are commonly protected from such intrusion. When he comes to explore the interiors of these volumes he finds himself involuntarily examining his fingers for lurking possibilities of ink-stains; the margins are kept sacred from pencil-marks; and even the liberal fly-leaves fail to betray him into making use of them. All these phenomenal experiences convince him that Christmas is approaching;

and, yielding to the genial influences of the season and the season's offerings, he smooths his scowling brow, corks up his vitriol-bottle, and feels almost reconciled in his heart to the authors and book-makers who constitute his usual prey.

Comparing the present season with the last, the publishers seem to have had less faith in the resources or liberality of buyers, and the new books are both fewer in number and less costly. Nevertheless, there is a fair variety both in styles and prices, and the intending book-giver will be hard to please who cannot find something in our list to meet his requirements.

By far the most sumptuous novelty of the season is an imported book, "India and its Princes," translated from the French of M. Rousselet. M. Rousselet spent nearly six years in India, traveling from point to point, and staying most of the time at the native courts, where he was an honored guest. Probably no other European has ever had better opportunities of observation, and he has used them, as an artist would, to bring before us all that is most striking, or picturesque, or beautiful, or characteristic of life in palaces and cities as yet untouched by English influence. The illustrations of the volume are so numerous and so fine that they naturally attract the attention first. Many of those representative of native architecture have probably never been surpassed in artistic excellence. Speaking of these, the London *Spectator* observes that they will come upon the majority of readers like a revelation. "'Are these the people,' they will say, as they gaze at the sketches of domed mausoleums, stately palaces, delicious retreats, vast *loggias*—loftier, airier, and with deeper shadows than those of Italy—at gardens studded with graceful monuments, at lakes whose waters are heavy with the shadows of fairy palaces, 'whom we have accounted barbarians, whom we will not trust with engineers' commissions, who can never rise to the control of any public work? Why, they had architects who were poets, who could build like Italians of the Renaissance or Egyptians under the Pharaohs.' . . . Artists have a trick of drawing Indian buildings as if they had no human idea in them, or as if they stood in some atmosphere different from the atmosphere of this world. M. Rousselet draws them as if they were in Italy, until you catch, as in the sketch of the great hall of Aidin at Ajmere (p. 210), the idea of the native architect, the wonderful depth of the stone glades he was endeavoring to create; or, as in the Dewani Khas of Amber, the coolness, impression of space, and grandeur, he was determined to produce; or, as in that of the Dewani Khas at Digh, his luxurious enjoyment of fantastic, superornate, and yet lightsome arches. That must be one of the most marvelous halls in the world, and M. Rousselet shows us that it is marvelous for beauty, and not merely for grotesqueness. He creates the impression, which is quite true, that the Indian architects were architects who built to fulfill a purpose, and were not mere dreamers, sick with a bad mythology, but men who could make a king's house palatial, and a reception-room imposing, and a fortress awful,

and were not always piling up monstrous structures in honor of their gods." The pictures of ceremonials, processions, nautch-dances, hunts, and the like, are scarcely less striking; and even the portraits reveal M. Rousselet's keen sense of the picturesque. The letter-press corresponds with the illustrations. Politics and similar topics are not touched upon at all; but the author describes ruins, architecture, natural scenery, court ceremonials, royal sports and amusements, and the manners and customs of the people, with a vividness only surpassed by the performances of his pencil. There is no lack of adventure and excitement, and, altogether, the book is scarcely less fascinating to read than agreeable to look at.

ANOTHER translation from the French is M. Paul Lacroix's "Eighteenth Century: its Institutions, Customs, and Costumes" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.). This superb work does for the France of the eighteenth century what M. Rousselet does for the native India of to-day, and on a scarcely less splendid scale. It contains twenty-one chromolithographs and three hundred and fifty woodcuts, many of them full-page, after original works of the most famous artists of the period, such as Watteau, Vanloo, Rigaud, Boucher, Vernet, Chardin, Bouchardon, Moreau, Cochin, Debucourt, and Saint-Aubin. The engraving and printing are in the best style of the art, and the entire *ensemble* of the book is in the highest degree tasteful and artistic. The "Eighteenth Century" is one of a series of works in which M. Lacroix aims to present a complete picture of French society from its origin, and that of the monarchy, down to the date of 1789, which ushered in a new order of things. "Omitting the general facts of history, properly so called, and the numerous incidents of war and politics, which would have required a larger scope, the author has confined his labors to the consideration of manners, customs, public and private, costume, arts, sciences, and literature; and this picturesque and descriptive kind of history seems of a nature to satisfy that justifiable curiosity which characterizes the present epoch, bringing before us as it does a past, the study of which, in all its varied phases, will help us to form a judgment of the present." Though belonging to a series, however, the work is complete in itself, and affords a vivid delineation of the most brilliant period in the history of one of the greatest nations of modern times.

AMONG the books of exclusively American production, "Mabel Martin" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.) is entitled to the first place. The poem is a new and somewhat expanded version of Whittier's "The Witch's Daughter," which was published some years ago in "The Home Ballads." Doubtless, in its original form, it is already familiar to many readers; in the new version the story remains substantially the same, while the picturesque features have been developed and the narrative rendered more effective. The literary element is entirely subordinate, however, being introduced simply as a vehicle for the pictures. The entire volume is evidently modeled on "The Hanging of the Crane,"

which was so popular last season, and, we think, improves upon the model. For one thing, the poem is more picturesque, and consequently, though the same artists were engaged in both instances, there is greater variety in the illustrations. Miss Hallock, who furnishes all the figure-pieces, has improved in technique, and has better material to work upon. "Mabel Martin" unquestionably contains the best work she has yet done, and work of real excellence in a difficult field. Her drawing is so seldom at fault that the deformity of Esek Harden's figure in the picture on page fifty is surprising; the left leg looks as if it were stricken with elephantiasis. Mr. Moran's landscape-pieces present the well-known qualities of that artist's work, and many of them are exquisite. The sentiment of Nature could hardly be better conveyed than by the two companion-pictures ("Winter-Days" and "Indian-Summer") on pages forty and forty-one, and, merely as pictures, they are delightful. Hardly less charming are Mr. A. R. Waud's titles and vignettes. As to the engraving, it is enough to say that it was done by Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, under whose supervision the book was prepared.

FROM the same publishers we have a volume which, while it is beautiful enough to be classed among "holiday books," has merits of a more solid and permanent character. "Famous Painters and Paintings," by Mrs. Julia A. Shedd, contains brief biographical sketches of the great masters of painting, pointing out the distinguishing characteristics of each as an artist, and giving an account of his principal works. The sketches are chronologically arranged, and embrace the leading names from the twelfth to the nineteenth century, so that the book is almost entitled to be called a dictionary of art-biography. In fact, it is more than this; for appended to the sketches is a catalogue comprising a very large number of the principal works of the painters mentioned, and the places where those works are now to be found. Mrs. Shedd has followed good guides in her compilation, and her critical comments are temperate and judicious. There is no philosophizing and no fine writing; the book sprang from a need experienced by the author herself, and is designed to afford practical help at once to the student of art and to the general public. The volume is illustrated with heliotype engravings after works by Raphael, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Albert Dürer, Guido, Rembrandt, Murillo, and others. There are eighteen of these heliotype engravings, and they give one a new idea of the possibilities of the heliotype process.

BESIDES new editions of Hamerton's illustrated books and sundry new juveniles, Messrs. Roberts Brothers (Boston) contribute a dainty volume, "The Shepherd Lady," of which Jean Ingelow furnishes the poetry, while Arthur Hughes, Miss Hallock, Sol Titinge, F. O. C. Darley, W. L. Sheppard, G. Perkins, and J. A. Mitchell, furnish the illustrations. The poems are sixteen in number, and "are not included in any collection of Miss Ingelow's poetry." They are mostly brief, and we cannot say that, as a whole,

they are up to the level of Miss Ingelow's best work; yet several of the pieces are pleasing, and certainly worthy of being brought to the attention of the author's admirers. The best thing in the collection is so brief that we reproduce it here;

"Sweet is childhood—childhood's over,  
Kiss and part.  
Sweet is youth; but youth's a rover—  
So's my heart.  
Sweet is rest; but by all showing  
Toll is nigh.  
We must go. Alas! the going,  
Say 'Good-by.'"

The illustrations, twenty in number, are only passable, but the book is beautifully printed and bound.

LITERATURE and art are very happily wedded in "The Insect," by M. Jules Michelet (London and New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons). M. Michelet turns science into poetry, and fascinates the imagination while feeding the mind. The literature of natural history contains no more charming book than his work on "The Bird;" and, if the present companion-volume is inferior in interest, it is only because it deals with a branch of animal life less understood, and therefore less appreciated. The affluent imagination, the nimble fancy, the poetic sensibility, the literary skill, the art of making dull things bright and tedious things entertaining, are equally conspicuous in both; and the reader may be sure that the mysteries of the insect-world will never be revealed to him through a more agreeable medium. The illustrations by Giacomelli are of such exceptional excellence that they fairly compete with Michelet's text in the matter of imparting pleasure. Their mere variety is surprising as the work of a single artist, for it is very rare that the same draughtsman is equally skillful in landscape, floral pieces, sketches of animal life, and those fanciful bits which do duty as vignettes, tail-pieces, and the like. The engraving was done by the best English and French engravers, including Whymper, Sargent, Rouget, Berreiller, Méaulle, Ausseau, and Jonnard, and is beyond all praise. Printing and binding are admirable—and, taken as a whole, the volume is an exceedingly elegant specimen of the art of book-making.

ANOTHER book from the same publishers, and illustrated by the same artists and engravers, is "The History of the Robins," addressed more particularly to children. Mrs. Trimmer furnishes the history, which is highly "moral" and commonplace. The beauty of the book lies in the seventy illustrations by Giacomelli, which, both in design and style of engraving, are greatly superior to those usually found in juveniles. The printing is good, and the binding exceptionally tasteful.

Or Will Carleton's "Farm Legends" (New York: Harper & Brothers) it is enough, perhaps, to say that they are poetry of the type already made familiar by the same author's "Farm Ballads," which may almost be said to have become famous. There is the same local flavor in the topics, the same simplicity of theme, the same directness and objectivity of treatment, the same quaint

homeliness of phrase and expression, and the same picturesque vividness of illustration. If it subserved no other purpose, the present volume would settle the question as to the authorship of the "Ballads;" the same hand is unmistakably recognizable in both. Besides the legends, the book contains about a dozen miscellaneous poems, none of which strike us as markedly good, except "The Burning of Chicago," which, if somewhat turgid in expression, is a graphic and impressive picture. The volume is issued in holiday style, being handsomely printed and bound, and copiously illustrated.

It is easy to recognize the hand of Mr. Horace E. Scudder in "The Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country" (New York: Hurd & Houghton). It was written for the amusement of children, and in such work Mr. Scudder has long ago proved himself a master and a prime favorite with the little ones. "It contains some of the doings of Nathan, Philippa, and Lucy Bodley, their father and mother, the hired man Martin and his brother Hen, Nathan's Cousin Ned, Nathan's pig, the dog Neptune, Lucy's kitten, Lucy's doll, Mr. Bottom, the horse, chickens, mice; and has, besides, stories told to the children by their parents, by Martin, and by each other." There is plenty of fun of a wholesome sort, plenty of frolic and childish adventure; while, through the medium of their fondness for story-telling, the children are introduced to some good literature whose formative influence upon the mind will be permanent. Of this kind are "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "The Ballad of Chevy Chase," and the "Heir of Linne." Besides these, much excellent verse is interspersed from the pages of the *Riverside Magazine*, and a new and wider audience will thus be secured for "The Little Small Rid Hin," "The Battle of Bumble-Bug and Bumble-Bee," "Harry O'Hum," and "Picture Bob and his Wonderful Cob"—all of which, as Mr. Scudder says, are "too good to be buried in the pages of an extinct magazine." The book is profusely and amusingly illustrated, and the binding is both novel and pretty.

MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON's "Tales out of School" (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) is on the same plan as his admirable "Roundabout Rambles," and would doubtless prove a highly-acceptable gift to any boy or miss from five to fifteen years of age. The plan is the now familiar one of taking a lot of old woodcuts (of which publishers of illustrated books usually have a goodly store) and writing a story or abridging a narrative to suit. Usually the process of construction is apparent on the very face of the work, but Mr. Stockton is so fertile in invention, and so skillful as a *raconteur*, that he fairly deceives even those best acquainted with the sources from which he draws his material. It is amusing, for instance, to notice how closely he has stuck to the text, and yet how fresh-seeming he has rendered the thrice-familiar pictures and adventures of Sir Samuel Baker in the chapter purporting to narrate "Colonel Myles's Adventures in Africa and India." Besides the "conversion" of various books of travel and advent-

ure, including one of Verne's fanciful narratives, the volume contains many curious bits of natural history, descriptions of mechanical processes, fairy-stories, legends, traditions, and several new items from the old Norse mythology. The pictures, of course, are an exceptionally striking feature, and are as numerous and various as those of a scrap-book—though few scrap-book collections would equal this in artistic merit.

THE character of Mr. E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen's latest collection of fairy-stories is very aptly and accurately defined by the author himself in his preface. "In the six stories which it contains," he says, "there are jumbled up together witches, jackdaws, fairies, pigs, mermaids, magistrates, dwarfs, cock-pheasants, and a great variety of other creatures who do not usually consort together, and could only have been brought into the same book by those wondrous powers of magic which confuse and confound the common order of Nature. I have neither the time nor the power to sort them out properly and put each in his own place; and so, having learned what I knew about them from the fairies, who kindly supply me with information upon such subjects, I have written it down as well as I could, and send out the six stories which contain it, under the fitting title and designation of 'Higgledy-Piggledy.'" Few modern writers of fairy-stories have Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's power of fusing the homely interests and incidents of "the humdrum present," and the supernatural creatures of a poetic and over-credulous past, into a homogeneous and artistic whole. His stories have something of the old-time directness, simplicity, and air of good faith; and, at least, they never attempt to put science and history into elfin or goblin costume. The present collection is addressed to "everybody and everybody's children;" but the very small children will have to enjoy much of them by faith rather than by understanding. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

WE should explain, in conclusion, that the above does not exhaust the list of "holiday books;" but it contains the best of them, and all that we have received at the time of writing this article. Others may be mentioned in subsequent issues, and in making selections for the little folks the reader should not forget Miss Johnson's "Catskill Fairies," noticed in a recent number of the JOURNAL.

THE *Athenaeum* is civil to the Marquis of Lorne in its review of his poem, but reminds him that criticism must be honest or it is nothing; it cannot afford to play the courtier. It then goes on to say that the book "is very prettily got up. The binding, with its sprays of olive, the paper, with its smooth and tinted surface, and its four capital illustrations, all prepossess us in its favor. It is possible even to speak of its graceful and melodious verse. At worst, there is some knowledge of metre, some careful imitation of rather antiquated models, and some traces of fancy and of sentiment. But beyond that, what can we say? The work certainly shows no genius. There is about it no real fire or imagination. It is a poem—we feel tempted to call it a copy of



verses—written by a cultivated man, who writes as if he were writing a prize poem, supposing always that a prize poem admitted of a love-story."

The first number of *La Vie Littéraire*, a new literary journal just started in Paris, has a letter to its editor from M. Taine, which contains an interesting paragraph about himself. He had been asked by the editor for an article on Stendhal and Sainte-Beuve, and writes: "But the subject is too vast, and my mind, unfortunately, is very restricted (*très-résermé*) and methodical. To do any thing I must give myself to it entirely. I think of nothing else for three months, six months, a year, and more. I am now printing the first volume of my 'Origines de la France Contemporaine,' and blocking out the second. For a long time yet my brain will admit nothing else. I am storing there every thing that relates directly or indirectly to the Revolution, and the interior web is weaving. If I should let in other materials, it would cost me an enormous effort and months of labor to mend the broken web. I have renounced, therefore, all articles or other work foreign to this."

LESLIE STEPHEN, writing upon Cowper, speaks of the poet's singular charm of style. "A poet, for example," he says, "might perhaps tell us, though a prosaic person cannot, what is the secret of the impression made by such a poem as 'The Wreck of the Royal George.' Given an ordinary newspaper paragraph about wreck or battle, turn it into the simplest possible language, do not introduce a single metaphor or figure of speech, indulge in none but the most obvious of all reflections—as, for example, that when a man is once drowned he won't win any more battles—and produce as the result a copy of verses which nobody can ever read without instantly knowing them by heart. How Cowper managed to perform such a feat, and why not one poet even in a hundred can perform it, are questions which might lead to some curious critical speculation."

SWINBURNE has written an appreciative and sympathetic letter about Poe to the director of the Poe Memorial Committee. He refers admiringly to "the special quality of his strong and delicate genius—so sure of aim and faultless of touch in all the better and finer part of work he has left us;" and expresses a "firm conviction that widely as the fame of Poe has already spread, and deeply as it is already rooted, in Europe, it is even now growing wider and striking deeper as time advances; the surest presage that time, the eternal enemy of small and shallow reputations, will prove in this case also the constant and trusty friend and keeper of a true poet's full-grown fame."

## The Arts.

TO illustrate the special quality of the great pianist Dr. von Bülow, it will be proper to recall something of the famous Russian performer who preceded him. Rubinstein had superb gifts of execution, a *technique* which could not well be surpassed. But he was essentially the composer, and not the interpreter. The instinct of creation reigned dominant in all of Rubinstein's work. The intense individuality of the man burst all restraint, and colored every phrase of

Beethoven, Schumann, or Chopin, which he delivered from the keys. He seemed to rebel instinctively against the limits set by the genius of others, and seek an outlet through which he could pour himself. Those who remember his rendering of Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata" will recognize the force of this. While it was quaint, poetic, and full of feeling—at times, in fact, inspired with a magnetic dash and fury—it lacked the real Beethoven feeling, passion, and longing—boundless, perhaps, as the sea, but rigidly governed by a conquering will. "The gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul," sings Wordsworth. Rubinstein, in failing to bring out this element of the Beethoven music, fell short as the interpreter, because he always overflowed with the consciousness of originating power.

Hans von Bülow is essentially the interpreter. His nature is completely absorbed and lost in the composer whose score he is playing. It is this subtlety of insight and power of identification which, so far as we are now prepared to judge, distinguish him from every other pianist who has ever been in America. The spirit of his style, even the character of his *technique*, seem to change, and one can hardly believe that it is the same artist playing Beethoven, Bach, Schumann, and Chopin. This absolute conscientiousness and sense of fidelity, reverence for the individuality of another, give a peculiar power to Von Bülow's playing. He practically says to his listeners: "I wish you entirely to forget Dr. von Bülow now, and think only of the composer." This, indeed, no one can do; for the enormous power and facility of the pianist challenge attention. But it invests the player with a certain moral dignity which extends to the impression left by his performance.

The piano-forte, unless played on by some exceptionally great artist, has always something suggestive of the mechanical. Both wind and string instruments answer much more subtly and sympathetically to the purposes of the player. No matter how great the executive skill of the player, unless there be a great intelligence and imaginative power in communication with the finger-tips, the sounds evoked from the piano belong to the same æsthetic family as those of the hand-organ. This grand difficulty once overcome, no single instrument can compare with the piano in producing the great variety and complexity of effects for which the orchestra is the perfect expression. Dr. von Bülow is the most distinguished pupil and representative of what is known as the orchestral school of playing founded by Franz Liszt. Before the day of the latter, the piano, even by its greatest masters, was treated like any other single instrument. Piano-compositions were written to display beautiful melodies, elaborately treated, indeed, and with no little intricacy of embroidery. With Liszt's unparalleled power of execution, a new school came into being, and great harmonies became even more essential than the melody itself. Many of the old masterpieces were reset expressly to meet the demands of the *virtuoso*.

Dr. von Bülow's *technique* was educated under the impulse of the Liszt example and

training, and if he does not surpass the teacher, at least he is deemed worthy to perpetuate the fame of one who is probably without a peer in the annals of music as a player. Without this, even the remarkable organization and genius of Bülow as a student and interpreter would not have singled him out as a representative man. With it he has won for himself the foremost position even in an age of fine pianists. The scholarship of this artist is no less evident than his genius; the latter, even, is always under the rigid control of the former. It would be impossible to think of him as ever, even in the hottest glow of musical feeling, doing what Rubinstein frequently did, skipping bunches of chords and missing fine details in a stupendous crash. Even when Dr. von Bülow takes his *tempo* with a fiery swiftness, which taxes the utmost effort of the orchestra to keep pace with, all the minutiae of the score are observed with a crisp, sharp-cut clearness which makes them perfectly distinguishable. This was specially observable in his performance of the great Henselt concerto, probably the most difficult piano-composition ever written, for it was designed expressly to embody all the possible difficulties of piano-forte execution. It literally bristles with technical obstacles nearly insurmountable. To perform it tolerably has been esteemed a signal brevet of excellence. Dr. von Bülow's execution of this *cheval de bataille* in its quiet and unconscious ease seemed to make it a mere plaything. The final movement, taken at race-horse speed, left the listeners nearly breathless. Yet every little trill and run, every one of the chaos of intricate chords, was as clear as the stroke of a bell. Probably this absolute finish of detail is the first characteristic of the artist's style which would strike the listener. The second feature of his playing that would enlist the attention of the average lover of music is that to which we have already alluded—his ability to identify his own individuality with that of the creator whose work is before him. Brilliant, rugged, tender, and profound by turns, he slips from one mood or school into another without effort or trace of transition.

To play the dreamy music of Chopin, the most poetic and imaginative of writers for the piano, demands not so much the power of the great *virtuoso* as the heart and brain of the poet himself. Chopin is to music what Shelley is to poetry. The interpretation of these exquisite tone-poems by Dr. von Bülow has probably furnished more deep and delicious enjoyment to the lovers of music than any thing else in his programme. The deep, sharp-thinking scientific thinker has become the man of dream and reverie, and the clear, crisp masses of tone, which mark the student of Bach, Händel, and Beethoven, lose themselves in the most vague and aerial suggestions of fancy. If we were to single out Dr. von Bülow's special success, we should unquestionably stamp his interpretation of Chopin as the one to be noted. This tribute comes not in virtue of power of execution, for many other composers demand far more; but the subtlety of poetic suggestion, the atmosphere of dream-land, with which these compositions are invested are such as to de-

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velop the beautiful conceptions of Chopin in their most perfect form.

For the professional musician, Dr. von Bülow will probably be the most admirable as a player of the Liszt school of music, that which aims to reproduce the wealth of the orchestra on one instrument. His grasp of resource is such as to compel the most unwilling wonder and submission. Such a performance as that of Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise" has rarely, if ever, been equaled for brilliancy and boldness of effects. Yet, for those who love music for its own sake, his rendering of Beethoven, Schumann, and Chopin, is a source of far more enjoyment than the stormy splendor of execution with which he dashes through the measures of the great Hungarian pianist. In the one the hearer is lost in the composer, for the player's style is like a sheet of transparent glass. In the other, one thinks as much or more of the stupendous art of the player than of the composer himself. We have not attempted any detailed analysis of Dr. von Bülow's performance of special pieces, for even musicians care more for the effect produced than the machinery of execution. But there can hardly be any question of this artist's superiority as an interpreter of the piano over any and all who have visited America within the memory of this generation. Without the powerful creative instinct of Rubinstein, from which the latter could never free himself, and which sometimes gave him a magnetism to which Bülow never attains, he has yet such massive scholarship and versatility, combined with so much executive skill, as to place him beyond rivalry as the interpreter of pianoforte music. The precision of the martinet is united with the boldness and fire of the man of genius.

The earlier concerts of Dr. von Bülow were given with full orchestra. The latter ones, with simple quartets of instruments, have been more enjoyable, as they have furnished a richer variety of music, and enabled the player to display his skill to far better advantage. Be the pianist never so great, the impossibility of securing a perfect orchestra and sympathetic leader always lessens the effect. Dr. Damrosch and his musicians, on the whole, did well in their trying work, but the recitals with quartet have been more pleasing.

MR. SAMUEL COLMAN, who returned from Europe about three months ago, was absent three years and a half, visiting Italy, Egypt, Morocco, and Algeria, besides spending some time in Holland and France. He has brought with him a large and varied collection of pictures and studies.

The largest and most important class of his works were painted in Africa, in which country he penetrated into strange and remote regions, quite apart from the ordinary track of tourists and even of artists. Some of his most interesting paintings are of Moorish ruins of mosques, with their beautiful towers and horseshoe arches, at Tlemcen and Mansoria in Algeria on the borders of Morocco, quite remote from the sea. Mr. Colman from his early life has been remarkable for his pure and rich coloring, which shows

in his delicate and beautiful skies, in the soft meadows of our own country, and in our variegated autumn forests. But then there is no class of his works so well fitted to develop the variety and harmony of his palette as these architectural pictures, where, under a warm and golden atmosphere, brick and mellow-hued stone-work are combined into forms of elegance and strange grace. In one of his pictures, an old arched entrance to a dilapidated mosque shows the building as it now stands after six or seven hundred years' duration. Constructed at nearly the same time as the Alhambra, it was supposed to rival that structure in richness and beauty. Mr. Colman shows it as it now is in its decay. The front of the arch is built of mingled brick and stone, and the entire surface of the ruin is carved into every sort of arabesque device. Not far from this ruin is an elaborate study of another portion of the town, which is still inhabited and in good preservation. Here, illumined by warm sunshine, a square tower rises two hundred feet into the air. A Saracenic dome is in the distance; and Moorish arches, which admit a procession of finely-costumed men and women, and a part of a high city wall, compose a picture of rare beauty. But the tower is the chief feature of this scene, and Mr. Colman has covered it, with almost daguerreotype fidelity of minuteness, with the delicate tiles, whose glazed surface reflects the daylight, with the Arabic written characters, that picturesquely break the monotonous curves and lace-work of the carving; and he has painted, with a delightful feeling of light and shadow, the delicate, arched openings and the projecting cornices, with heavy tooth-cuttings, which give the relief of mingled brightness and dark massing of tints to the otherwise flat character of the structures.

Besides these architectural paintings, Mr. Colman has brought back with him sketches taken on the borders of the desert, whose near white sands and dry mimosas are relieved by a dark atmosphere, charged with dust and heat, which spreads over distant, arid hills, while the sky is almost darker than this distance. Bands of Arabs, with horses, camels, and the usual paraphernalia of the caravan, appear also, painted with a fidelity and with the mature precision of an artist of great experience in the use of color.

Mr. Colman's Italian pictures cover much of the well-known ground, but he has made studies of the Duomo and of Giotto's Campanile at Florence with the same rare and delicate color that shows in his Moorish sketches. In one of these, the Campanile, which Ruskin has made immortal by his description, even if it had not appealed, by its beauty, to the feeling of every one familiar with its multifarious and wonderful ornament, appears at the end of a vista made by one of the streets that diverge from this great centre of Florence. A summer brightness rests upon its summit, towering much above the house-tops, and passing down its carved arched openings, with their fine tracery and lovely columns; and the eye penetrates into the shadow of the street and square below to see the opening filled by people in the gay attire of an Italian *festa*.

A famous poet who is also an artist once said to us, on seeing some Dutch pictures, that he thought *all* skies should be painted with the same atmospheric mistiness as these—an observation which showed more appreciation of the Holland landscape than knowledge of the difference between the skies of a land of canals and dikes, and the drier and clearer heavens of other countries. Mr. Colman, in addition to his studies in southern lands, has brought home with him a number of pictures from Amsterdam, with minutely-painted likenesses of the many-storied warehouses, with their irregularly-shaped gables, that rise from the edge of the "Venice of the North." In the canals, which form the streets of the watery city, Mr. Colman has painted, in rich colors, and with much feeling, the bloated-looking trading-vessels, with their broad beams and blunt, round hulls, that are as much in contrast with the delicate prows of the Venetian gondolas as the heavy warehouses of Amsterdam are with the brilliant and elegant palaces that line the Grand Canal. Mr. Colman's imagination has, apparently, been captivated very positively by the bulky trading-craft we have described, and in one or two sketches we saw fleets of these vessels lumbering slowly along with the tide, with the flat, vapory, ever-green meadows of the Netherlands around them, while overhead was the watery sky, with its fat, billowy clouds, misty and vaporous.

A collection of these pictures, and many more than we have described, will shortly be on exhibition at Snedecor's Gallery in Fifth Avenue, and all our art-loving people will then have the opportunity to enjoy the latest and best studies from one of the most poetical and refined colorists America has yet produced.

WHILE statuary and busts of a very high order of refined modeling are exceedingly rare, now and then some brilliant piece of sculpture appears in the exhibitions of New York that merits attention. The two or three best specimens of this department of art we have lately seen have been at Schaus's Gallery, in Broadway. A few months since a charming female head, supposed to represent music, was in this gallery, and at the present time Mr. Schaus has a striking and expressive white-marble bust, called "The Scoffer." It is by an Antwerp artist named Peeters, and represents a handsome and graceful head, full of mobility and action, yet which shows every feature and line curled and twisted into a look of contempt. The dress of the man, and even his hair in sharp and curved locks, helps to carry out this pervading purpose of the artist.

The ideal tranquillity of classical sculpture, or portraiture which is not caricature, has been settled upon as the legitimate field of the sculptor, but of late some works have appeared here which, from their flexibility of action and vivacious expression, seem rather adapted for painting than marble. From the standard of correct and traditional taste, such works as "The Scoffer" may be esteemed bad art; but when, as in this case, these violent characteristics are combined

with great finish of execution, and action and expression that show much cleverness as well as cultivation in the artist, aside from the actual pleasure they give, they have a value as showing the direction and progress of modern art-thought in connection with sculpture.

AFTER much discussion, litigation, and preparation, "Rose Michel" has been produced at the Union Square Theatre. The version of the play given here is reported to be very much changed from the French original, and as being greatly improved by the adapter, Mr. Mackaye. The public are, however, in the dark as to the extent or character of these changes, except as to the fact that the part of *Moulinet* is wholly new. The other improvements could be measured only by an opportunity of comparing the two versions. As *Moulinet* is the only humorous delineation in the play, its introduction was very judicious. Fortunately, this interpolated character falls easily into the action of the play, and, although it does not directly contribute either to the involvement or evolution of the plot, one cannot easily detect by internal evidence that it is not an organic part of the structure. But, although new to this play, it is scarcely an original creation, being manifestly derived from the Barnaby Rudge of Charles Dickens. It is the character of a half-idiot boy, full of great affection, and passionately devoted to his pet dogs and cats—a delineation marked by many fine touches, and well portrayed by Mr. Stuart Robson.

In a measure, "Rose Michel" is a disappointment. It is a strong, well-constructed melodrama, and this is all. There is little that is new and nothing to charm in the story; there are no characters to live in the memory as exalted types; there are none of those pictures of life that in some productions delight the fancy and leave there long, pleasant recollections. It is not a drama that the world is better for having, nor is it one to reflect the least art-credit upon the era. It is so intense in action that it is sure to hold the auditor's attention; it affords some excellent opportunities for accomplished actors to show their skill; but it has no good excuse for its existence either as art or literature.

The incidents of the story occur in Paris in the last century. *Rose Michel* is the wife of a sordid, miserly innkeeper; she has a fair young daughter, whom she loves passionately, and who has just been betrothed. *Baron de Bellevie*, a notorious libertine, has been paid a hundred thousand livres by *Count de Varnay* to leave France, and never seek his wife, who is living under the protection of the *Countess de Varnay*. *De Bellevie* comes to the innkeeper's house with all this money upon him. His murder is planned by *Pierre Michel*, the innkeeper; *Rose* discovers her husband in the act; she conceals the crime for the sake of her daughter, whose matrimonial prospects would be ruined by the discovery of the father's crime; but, in secretly restoring the money taken from the baron to the *Count de Varnay's* escritoire is the means of fastening suspicion of the murder

upon the count, who is brought to trial, and condemned to death. *Rose* refuses to reveal her knowledge of the true criminal, although being suspected of some knowledge in the matter; is put to the rack in order to extort her confession; but, in the end, just on the eve of the count's execution, *Rose*, exasperated by fresh treachery of the husband, denounces him as the murderer.

This is a brief outline of the story. The construction in the main is good, but the complications grow out of a wholly unlikely incident. *Rose*, in restoring the money taken from the murdered man, takes a step that would have been sure to lead to the detection of her husband, had the money replaced in the escritoire been discovered by the count; but, being found there by police officials, it involved an innocent man instead. *Rose*, whose conscience could be so blunt in another direction, would scarcely have felt impelled to restore money to whom it really did not belong, when by so doing the risk of discovery became imminent.

The interest of the story turns upon the complications that fix suspicion upon the count, and the sufferings and struggles of *Rose* between her conscience and her intense maternal affection. But what is it we are called upon to admire? A woman whose devotion to her offspring would consign an innocent man to the block, and that man the son of her benefactress, would give to dishonorable death the hope and pride of a great house, that her own daughter may marry the man she loved! The woman's crime is really monstrous. It is really worse than that of her husband, who slew a villain for his money, while she would deliberately slay an innocent person, to whom she was bound by many obligations, simply that her daughter should be spared a few pangs. We may sympathize with the woman's maternal affection, we may even admire the stubborn obstinacy that the rack cannot subdue; but one's moral perceptions must be greatly blunted if he does not revolt at the moral cowardice and hideous selfishness which *Rose Michel's* conduct exhibits. That the woman would fain avert the doom from the count, and endeavors to effect his escape, are but slight palliations of a wrong so great. The dramatist seems to think his delineation one of moral strength and greatness; he makes it the centre of an admiring group, and confidently expects us to applaud this picture of wrongful heroism. Even the father of the youth to whom *Rose's* daughter is betrothed, who has resolutely required a pure record of the family to which his son may be allied, forgoes all his prejudices, and discerns in *Rose's* resolute attempt to enact the part of murderess something to admire. Obviously, the moral perceptions of French dramatists take strange shapes.

The acting at the Union Square is generally good. Miss Eyttinge gives a powerful delineation of *Rose Michel*. In the hands of a really great artist, the character would doubtless take on many shadings and touches that would enhance its effect in some of the scenes, but Miss Eyttinge is generally very effective, although at times she mistakes noise for intensity. This lady has undoubtedly

decided talent for melodrama. Mr. Stoddart as *Pierre Michel* exaggerates his costume somewhat, but he acts with force and consistency. Mr. Stuart Robson gives a faithful, half-humorous, half-pathetic picture of the idiot boy. Mr. Thorne as the count and Mr. Parcella as the prefect are good. Indeed, the performance throughout is smooth and satisfactory, and the play is put on the stage with great care as to every detail, and with some superb scenic effects. The view of Notre-Dame and the Seine at night, in the last act, is a wonder of scenic illusion.

THE colossal statue of Liberty, proposed by the Franco-American Union of Paris, is to be erected on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor. The statue will be placed on a pedestal of granite one hundred feet high, and will be cast in bronze of the same height as the pedestal; it will consist of a figure of Liberty draped, holding in one hand a tablet inscribed "July 4, 1776," and the other hand, uplifted, will hold a torch. It is designed to have streams of light radiating from its brow at night. The design is by M. Bartholdi, an Alsatian sculptor who carved the Lion of Belfort. At a banquet given by those interested in the enterprise, held at Paris early in November, at which M. Laboulaye presided, and where Mr. Washburne, General Schenck, General Sickles, Edmond About, Emile de Girardin, Alexandre Dumas, and other distinguished persons, were guests, M. Laboulaye made an address, from which we copy the subjoined passage: "We wish to erect a statue the most colossal ever raised, which will rise above that immense plain which covers New York with its million of inhabitants; Brooklyn, which has four hundred thousand; and Jersey City, which reckons as many. There it will be really in its place. I have seen the colossal statue of Bavaria thrust into a corner outside the gates of their capital, and I often asked myself what the statue was doing there if not to call to mind that Bavaria is but the shadow of herself. The Colossus of Rhodes saw little vessels pass between its legs; but, compared with our statue, the Colossus of Rhodes was but a clock-ornament. The statue which we would cast is not made of cannon taken on the field of battle. Each of his limbs has not cost a thousand men's lives, and has not caused countless widows and orphans to shed tears. It will be cast in virgin metal."

## From Abroad.

### OUR PARIS LETTER.

November 16, 1875.

CERTAIN pages of the new pamphlet by Victor Hugo, "Ce que c'est que l'Exil," the preface to "Pendant l'Exil," are extremely interesting as affording glimpses of the life of the illustrious exile during his long expatriation. Thus he speaks of the commencement of those years of literary toil and of banishment:

"In December, 1851, when he who writes these lines arrived in a foreign land, life wore at first a hard aspect. It is in exile, above all, that the *res angusta domi* makes itself felt.

"This summary sketch of what exile really is would not be complete were the material side of the existence of the outlaw left without a passing mention, and one likewise of proper moderation.

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"Of all which that exile had possessed, there remained to him seven thousand five hundred francs (fifteen hundred dollars) of annual income. His plays, which had brought him in sixty thousand francs a year, were suppressed. The hasty sale at auction of his furniture had produced something less than thirteen thousand francs (twenty-six hundred dollars). He had nine persons to support.

"He was obliged to furnish means for removals, for journeys, for new installations, for the movements of a group of which he was the centre, for all the unforeseen of an existence henceforward uprooted from the earth and the sport of every wind; an exile is an uprooted tree. He was forced to preserve the dignity of life, and so to act that no one around him should suffer.

"Hence an immediate necessity for work.

"Let us state here that the first abode in exile, Marine Terrace, was rented at the very moderate price of fifteen hundred francs a year.

"The French market was closed against his publications.

"His first Belgian publishers reprinted all his works without rendering him any account, and, among others, the two volumes of the 'Œuvres Oratoires.' 'Napoléon le Petit' was the sole exception. As to 'Les Châtiments,' they cost their author twenty-five hundred francs. This sum, confided to the publisher Samuel, has never been repaid. The total product of all the editions of 'Les Châtiments' has been for eighteen years confiscated by foreign publishers.

"The English royalist newspapers loudly celebrated English hospitality—a hospitality adulterated, as may be remembered, with nocturnal assaults and expulsions, like Belgian hospitality. Wherein English hospitality was complete, was in its tenderness for the books of the exiles. It reprinted those books, and published and sold them with the most cordial *empressement* for the benefit of the English publishers. English law, which forms a part of Britannic hospitality, permits that style of forgetfulness. The duty of a book is to let the author die of hunger, as in the case of Chatterton, and to enrich the publisher. 'Les Châtiments' in particular have been sold, and are still and always sold in England, solely for the profit of the bookseller Jeffs. The English stage was not less hospitable toward French plays than were English book-shops toward French books. No author's right has ever been paid for 'Ruy Blas,' which has been played in England over two hundred times.

"Thus it will be seen that it was not without reason that the royalist Bonapartist press of London reproached the exiles with an abuse of English hospitality.

"That press has often called him who writes these lines a miser.

"It called him also an abandoned drinker.

"These details form a part of what exile really is. This exile complains of nothing. He has worked. He has reconstructed his life for himself and for his. All is well."

Here is a brief but vivid sketch of the exile's chosen spot of refuge:

"The archipelago of the Channel is peculiarly attractive: it has no difficulty in resembling France because it is France. Jersey and Guernsey are fragments of Gaul, broken off by the sea in the eighth century. Jersey was more coquettish than was Guernsey; she has thus become prettier and less beautiful. At Jersey, the forest has become a garden; in Guernsey, the rock remains colossal. More grace here, more majesty there. At Jersey, one is in Normandy; at Guernsey, one is in

Brittany. A bouquet of flowers as large as the city of London—such is Jersey. All there is perfume, sunbeam, smile, which does not hinder the visits of the tempest. He who writes these pages has somewhere called Jersey an idyl in mid-ocean. In pagan times, Jersey was more Roman, and Guernsey more Celtic; at Jersey one perceives Jupiter, and at Guernsey, Teutates. At Guernsey, what was formerly Druidical is now Huguenot; it is no longer Moloch, but it is Calvin; the church services are cold, the landscape is prudish, and religion has the sulks. Taken altogether, both islands are charming; one is lovely and the other harsh.

"One day the Queen of England—nay, more than the Queen of England, the Duchess of Normandy, venerated and sacred six days out of seven, paid a visit, with salvos, smoke, uproar, and ceremony, to Guernsey. It was on a Sunday, that sole day of the week that was not her own. The queen, abruptly changed to 'that woman,' violated the repose of the Lord. She disembarked on the quay in the midst of a silent crowd. Not a hat was lifted. One man only saluted her—the exile who now speaks! He saluted not the queen, but the woman! The pious island remained sullen. That Puritanism has its grandeur."

The following details respecting the spy system employed by the Empire toward the exiled patriots are curious:

"Expect all things, you who are in exile. You have been hurled afar, but not let go. The persecutor is curious, and his gaze multiplies itself upon you. A respectable Protestant clergyman seats himself beside your hearth; that Protestantism draws a salary from the strong-box of Tronsin Dumarsan. A foreign prince, who speaks broken French, presents himself; it is Vidocq who comes to see you; is he a real prince? yes; he belongs to a royal race, and also to the police. A grave, doctrinal professor introduces himself to you, and you surprise him reading your papers. All is permitted against you; you are outside the law—that is to say, outside of equity, outside of reason, outside of respect, outside of probability; men will declare themselves authorized by you to publish your conversations, and will take care that they shall be stupid; words will be attributed to you that you never uttered, letters that you never wrote, actions that you never committed. You are approached, so that the place where you shall be stabbed may be better chosen.

"You speak to a visage, and it is a mask that hearkens; your exile is haunted by that spectre, the spy.

"A very mysterious unknown comes to whisper in your ear; he declares to you that if you wish it he will undertake to assassinate the emperor—it is Bonaparte who offers to kill Bonaparte. At your fraternal banquet, some one in the corner will cry, 'Long live Marat! Long live Hebert! Long live the guillotine!' With a little attention, you will recognize the voice of Carrier. Sometimes the spy begs; the emperor asks an alms of you through his Pietri; you give; he laughs—gayety of the hangman. You pay the hotel-bill of that exile, he is a police agent; you pay the traveling-expenses of that fugitive, he is a *shirro*; you pass along the street, you hear some one say, 'There goes the real tyrant!' It is of you that these words are spoken; you turn, who is that man? The answer is, he is an outlaw. Not at all. He is a functionary. He is savage, and paid. It is a republican signed Maupas. Coco disguised as Scævola."

Here are some few of the trenchant, vigorous paragraphs scattered throughout the work:

"He who says justice, says strength."

"The short sight of tyrants deceives them; conspiracy that has succeeded looks to them like victory, but that victory is full of ashes. The criminal believes that his crime is his accomplice. Error; his crime is his punisher. The assassin always cuts himself with his knife; treason always betrays the traitor; culprits, without suspecting it, are held by the collar by their crime—an invisible spectre; a bad action never loses hold of you, and fatally, by an inexorable road ending in pools of blood for glory and abysses of mud for shame, without remission for the guilty, the 18th Brumaire leads the great to Waterloo, and the 2d December drags the little to Sedan."

"A man, so ruined that he has nothing left but his honor, so despoiled that he has nothing left but his conscience, so isolated that he has nothing beside him but justice, so deserted that he has only with him the truth, so cast into the shadows that there remains with him only the sun, such is he who is an exile."

"Calumny sometimes ends by adding lustre. By a silver ribbon upon the rose we recognize that a caterpillar has passed over it."

"Insult is an old habit of humanity; to throw stones delights idle hands; woe to all that rise above the ordinary level; mountain-peaks have the property of attracting thunder-bolts from above, and lapidation from below. It is almost their fault: why are they peaks? They attract the eye, and affront it."

"Glory is a gilded bed wherein there lurks vermin."

"Where Vitellius is a god, Juvenal is filth."

"The prosperity of the empire was a national misfortune. The mirth of orgies is misery. A prosperity which gilds a crime lies and hatches a calamity. The egg of the 2d of December is Sedan."

On the back of the pamphlet from which we have just quoted appears an announcement of two forthcoming works by Victor Hugo—the two concluding volumes of the "Légende des Siècles," and "The Art of being a Grandfather." The book on which M. Thiers has been at work for so long is to bear, it is said, the title of "Men and Matter." It is to be in four volumes, of which it is reported that two are already finished. Furne, Jouvet & Co. have just published the fourth volume of Martin's "Popular History of France from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." This last volume brings the work down to 1804. It is to be completed in one volume more, which will be issued in the course of the ensuing year. The work, when completed, will contain over one thousand illustrations. The same house has also issued the third number of its superb edition of Michaud's "History of the Crusades," illustrated by Gustave Doré. The third volume of the "Merveilles de l'Industrie," by Louis Figuier, has also just appeared. This work, which is a popular description of modern inventions, is to be completed in four or five volumes at the most, and will contain fifteen hundred illustrations. Gladly Bros. have just published "Coups de Bâton," by Louis Verbrugge, and continue to puff violently their long-announced edition of the "Imitation of Christ." Dentu has issued "A Journey to the Ruins of Golconda and the City of the Dead," by Louis Jacolliot, and announces the second series of "The Women of the Court of Louis XV.," by Imbert de St.-Amand, and the "Marquise de Lucillière," the second series of "The Inn of the World," by Hector Malot. The Librairie Bachelin Deflorenne announces a su-

perb illustrated work in the style of "L'Ornement Polychrome," and "L'Ornement des Tissus," to be issued in bimonthly parts. It is to be entitled "Les Merveilles de la Curiosité," and is to comprise one hundred plates in gold and colors, representing over a thousand objects, such as miniatures, ivory-carvings, stained glass, tapestry, etc., selected from both public and private collections. The work is to be completed in ten numbers at fifteen francs each. The Bibliothèque Charpentier announces a collected edition of "The Tales and Legends" of J. T. de St.-Germain, and has already published the first volume, containing his pretty tale of "For a Pin," the "Legend of Mignon," and two or three other stories. Paul Ollendorff has just issued the prize-poem crowned by the French Academy for this year, on the subject of the death of Livingstone. The fortunate competitor is named Emile Guiard.

The theatrical news of the week is unimportant. Offenbach's "Creole," at the Bouffes Parisiens completes the triad of his successes of this year, an almost unprecedented feat for a composer to achieve. It is doubtful whether this new work will attain to very wide-spread popularity, however. It lacks fun and *entrain*, and is in fact too much of an *opéra comique*, too much in the style of Auber and of Adam to suit the atmosphere of Les Bouffes. Judie, who does not appear till the second act, sings the lovely music allotted to her very charmingly. At the Grand Opéra a new interest has been imparted to the revival of "Faust" by the appearance of Mademoiselle de Reszké as *Marguerite*. Her youth, grace, and beauty lent an appropriate charm to her personation. She was loudly applauded after the "Jewel Song," and her fine and dramatic voice gave full effect to the grand concluding trio. "Le Pompon," the new *opéra bouffe* by Lecocq, which was produced at the Folies Dramatiques a few nights ago, has proved a failure, or rather what they call here a half-success. The first act is said to be charming, the second stupid, and the third intolerable.

Rossi made his first excursion into the territory of the French drama last week by producing "Kean," by the elder Dumas. The play is great stuff, being stupid, trashy, and ill-constructed, but it contains one great scene where *Kean* goes mad on the stage while playing *Hamlet*. In that one scene Rossi was sublime, and fairly drove the audience frantic with enthusiasm. The parquet literally "rose at him," as they once did for the real Kean. Two of the theatrical celebrities of the Paris stage are said to be dying—two old artists who have wellnigh outlived their glory—Frédéric Lemaître and Dejazet. From London comes a rumor that Salvini is about to be married to an English lady of good family and large fortune.

LUCKY H. HOOPER.

## Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE *American Artisan*, under the title of "A Remarkable Patent Suit," gives an account of a trial now going on before Judge Benedict, of the United States Circuit Court, from which we condense as follows: In the year 1861 Colonel Nelson W. Green, of Cortland, New York, having heard it rumored that certain wells in Virginia had been poisoned so as to render them dangerous, conceived the idea that pure water might be obtained for his regiment by having a tube driven in the ground open at the lower end, into which the

water would flow and from which it might be pumped. Could this be accomplished, there would be no need of digging or boring or even removing the earth, as the tube would open its own way to any desired depth. Colonel Green explained this plan to others, and, in spite of their discouragements, put it into execution with perfect success; and it is said that at the present time tens or even hundreds of thousands of these driven wells are in use in the world, as the result of his endeavors. Owing to engagements in the field, the patent for this device was not obtained till 1868, and this after a severe contest with rival claimants. In 1871, the claim, which was originally defective, was reissued in the following form: "The process of constructing wells by driving an instrument into the ground until it is projected into water, without removing the earth upward, as it is in boring," etc. The suit to which we have alluded is brought in support of this claim, the defendants being W. & B. Douglas, the extensive pump-manufacturers of Middletown, Connecticut, who have been furnishing parties engaged in making these wells with the necessary pumps and tubing, at the same time guaranteeing to defend them in case of prosecution. The owners of the patent have been engaged over three years in taking testimony, and over two hundred days have been occupied in obtaining it, which already fills over three thousand closely-printed pages, and was obtained at an expense, exclusive of counsel-fees, of eighty thousand dollars. The need of these efforts becomes apparent when it is stated that the present claim for damages exceeds half a million dollars. In view of these facts, the case may be regarded as among the most important of any in the annals of American patent litigation.

M. TELLIER, the inventor of the ice-machine bearing his name, has undertaken to test on a grand scale the possibility of transporting food preserved by cold. With this end in view, he has purchased a nine-hundred-ton vessel, which he proposes to fit up with improved forms of refrigerators, by this means transforming the hull of the vessel into an immense ice-box. The first trip of the *Frigorifique*—for thus has the ship been christened—will be from some port in France to the river Plate. Her first cargo will consist of wine, beer, butter, cheese, hops, vegetables, etc., which, up to the present time, have been conveyed to the tropics with difficulty. The cargo on the return-voyage will consist of fresh meat, game, fruit, skins, silkworms, eggs, and such other articles as may serve to thoroughly test the value of the new system of refrigeration. In a recent communication to the Académie des Sciences announcing his purpose, M. Tellier promises to afford the members of that body every opportunity to try any experiment which they may deem desirable. From this, it would appear that the oft-repeated trials in the same direction are to be supplemented by one grand and possibly final attempt. Should this prove successful, the result will be one of great value, especially to American fruit-growers.

PROFESSOR JEVONS, in a paper read before the British Association during its meeting in Bristol, presented many interesting facts regarding the possible influence of sun-spots on the grain product of the world. Referring to the tables prepared by the German astronomer Schwabe, he found that the periods of sun-spots were marked by regular intervals of eleven years, and, with this fact as a basis of

comparison, he entered upon an exhaustive examination of trade-reports and the annual prices of grain, as given by Professor Rogers in his "History of Agriculture and Prices in England." This treatise contained an elaborate collection of the prices of corn in all parts of England between the years 1259 and 1400. Passing over the description of the methods by which these results were obtained and compared, we arrive at the conclusion, namely, that the maximum of these prices was reached after regular intervals of from ten to eleven years. Though as yet the writer does not appear to have clearly established the actual coincidence between the years of sun-spots and those of full harvests, yet the agreement as to periods of time would seem to tend toward the establishment of the opinion he advances. He also pointed out that commercial panics occur at regular intervals of 10.8 years, and as this time coincides with that of the solar phenomena under consideration, it may yet be proved that there is an immediate and justifiable relation between the celestial phenomena and these commercial calamities.

WHETHER the felling of forests has any direct influence in decreasing the amount of water in springs, rivers, and water-courses, is a question regarding which there appears to be a decided difference of opinion. In order that this "dispute among the doctors" may be finally set at rest, the Vienna Academy of Sciences have issued a circular and report addressed to the kindred societies in other countries, inviting them to undertake special observation from which a final judgment may be obtained. In this circular attention is called to the fact that of late years there has been a decided diminution in the waters of the Danube and other large rivers, and, as this decrease of water has been identical in time with the felling of forests along their courses, the question of relationship between the two becomes one of special significance. In respect to the thoroughness with which it is proposed to institute these observations, it is stated that the Austrian Engineers and Architects' Union have appointed a hydrostatic commission to collect facts and prepare a report. The Danube, Elbe, and Rhine, have each been assigned to two members, while two others will be occupied with the meteorology of the subject, noting also the influence of the glaciers and Alpine torrents. Though these measures are suggested by a foreign society, it is evident that kindred observations made in this country will be of equal value, and there can be no doubt that the same conditions exist here as in Europe, and, should the question be answered in the affirmative, the demand for measures to protect the forests will be equally emphatic with us as with them.

ONE whose faith in Nature was such as to induce him to seek for arguments in defense of the existence and service of one of her hitherto much-abused children, gives the following interesting facts regarding the habits of the common house-fly: Having noticed that flies on alighting rubbed their feet and wings together, he sought for a cause of this action, and discovered that it was to remove numberless minute animalcula with which the legs and wings had been coated during flight. These small creatures are poisonous in character, and, though the flies eagerly devour them, are of a nature to induce disease when breathed into the human lungs. Leanness in a fly, this observer states, is *prima-facie* evidence of pure air in the house,

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while, if these little buzzing pests be fat and hearty, it is because they have been making a meal off of the creatures which would otherwise have brought disease into the household. While we are not prepared to dispute the claims of the house-fly as thus advocated, it must not be forgotten that these same creatures have been caught working untold mischief. As breeders of maggots their presence has too often brought suffering and death, and, as clearly proved by repeated experiments, their sponge-like feet have been made to convey and transplant the germs of many ulcerous diseases. The defense is no doubt an ingenious one, and may be "founded on fact;" still the charge against them is equally positive, and should not yet be fully dismissed.

In a recent "note" attention was directed to an electrical submarine lantern. This was constructed on the general principle of the Geissler tube. The electric current was led down through a wire attached to the lantern, which in turn was made fast to the person of the diver. A more recent application of the same principle is illustrated in a contrivance called "the electrical fish-bait." This consists simply of a platinum wire inserted in a bottle and attached to a battery. A passage of the current along the inclosed wire renders it hot and therefore luminous. The glass of which the bottle is made must be green or black, as this light is said to be the most persuasive. The method of using the bait is to lower it in the sea, and when the proper depth has been reached, cause the wire to be illuminated. By this means the fish are attracted toward the strange light. It is said that experiments recently tried on the coast of the Côte du Nord Department were very satisfactory.

HAVING already directed attention to the fact, established by experiment, that certain seeds may germinate in very low temperatures—on the surface of ice, for instance—the following suggestive observations with regard to like growth in high temperatures may be of interest: A lady having given her servants some plum-jam, they were induced to bury the seeds, which in due time sprouted and grew into plants. Observing this, the lady herself entered the field, with a view to verify these results, and by repeating the experiments was equally successful. The temperature to which these seeds were submitted—as any housewife who has made plum-jam well knows—was much above 212° Fahr., the boiling-point of water. Thus it appears that, unwittingly, these English servants and their mistress were furnishing a fresh theme for dispute between the advocates and opponents of the vexed question of spontaneous generation.

The latest reports from the English Arctic Expedition show that an unusually easy passage was made to within one hundred miles of Smith's Sound, and there were some hopes that the pole might be reached this year. On the 23d of July the Alert met with the first accident, having gone ashore on a small island off Kingitok. A rise in the tide floated her off without serious damage. The expedition is not expected home till the end of 1877.

It will be remembered that Mr. Smee, in his recent campaign against impure milk, as sold in London, brought forth certain evidence tending to prove that cows fed upon sewage-grass and deleterious herbs yielded milk of dangerous quality. Other testimony in support of this opinion now reaches us from Rome.

It appears that several cases of poisoning in that city have been traced to the drinking of goat's-milk. It was furthermore discovered that these animals feed on *Conium maculatum*—what will a goat not eat?—and that the poisonous elements of these and other like herbs found their way to the milk, which in turn was drunk with disastrous results by the peasants and their patrons.

## Miscellanea.

THE *Saturday Review* has an article which it calls "Proposals," meaning proposals for marriage. Some of the various methods of "popping the question" are very good. As an instance of the serious method is the following:

An Irish girl, who was very anxious that her scatterbrained brother should not be refused by the demure young Englishwoman with whom he had fallen desperately in love, implored him to try to propose with the seriousness becoming the occasion. He vowed solemnly that he would behave as if he were acting as chief mourner at his father's funeral. The demure young lady, in imitation of many of her countrywomen, graciously accepted her wild Irish lover. She, however, confided to her bosom-friend that Edmund had proposed in rather an odd way. He had taken her after church to see the family-vault, and had there, in a sepulchral voice, asked her if she would like to lay her bones beside his bones. This he evidently thought was a proper way to fulfill the promise made to his sister of treating the matter with becoming seriousness.

There are the shy and oblique devices:

When a man says to a girl, with whom he has waltzed several times, that, if ever he becomes a Benedict, he hopes his wife will exactly resemble her and dress precisely as she does, if the girl answers, "You must ask papa," there may reasonably be a difference of opinion as to whether the pretty speech can be twisted into a proposal or not. When, however, a shy man, having got his mother to plead his cause, says to the beloved one, with a tremulous gasp, "Won't you do the thing my mother asked you?" there is no doubt that, to all intents and purposes, he has asked her to be his wife. More than one proposal has been made by underscoring the lines in the marriage-service, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" and passing the book and pencil during the sermon to the adored one. It sometimes comes back with a faint but still visible stroke under the "I will."

A bold and audacious method is illustrated by the subjoined:

The officer whose leave had nearly expired without his having been able to bring a pretty little coquette to the point of acknowledging that she cared for him even a little, wee bit, was not unwise to take her, ostensibly for the purpose of sketching, to the top of the church-tower, to lock the staircase-door, put the key in his pocket, and vow that, if she did not promise solemnly to marry him within a month, he would throw himself off the parapet before her eyes, key and all.

How to choose time and place is well illustrated by the following:

A young parson traveling in Palestine, and asked to join a pleasant party, among whose

numbers he found a notable heiress of passionate piety, did well to restrain the expression of the ardor of his affection until he found himself lying at her feet on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, looking toward Jerusalem. Scarcely any girl with a spark of religion or poetry in her composition could have said "no" to a white tie and a pair of handsome brown eyes under such well-chosen circumstances.

LADY POLLOCK, in *Temple Bar*, utters some just observations on dramatic readings.

Those who pretend that a reading of a play affords them more pleasure than the acting of it, should heed:

In speaking of acted drama, some observations ought to be made upon an offshoot which has sprung from it, and which some persons prefer to it, namely, dramatic reading. It is difficult to conceive any cultivated person wishing to hear a play read aloud rather than acted, for the conditions of dramatic reading are such as to offer incongruities which it is impossible to do away with. If the reader keeps within the limited boundaries of reading without action, he is necessarily dull; the repetition of the names of characters seems to be eternal; the absence of movement where movement is wanted, and the constant sound of one voice where many voices are required, fill the mind of the hearer with a painful sense of monotony; the one voice may be beautiful, and well-modulated, and emotional, but it cannot fill a scene or convey the complete idea of the interchange of speech, and action, and passion, between a variety of persons. Not doing this it falls considerably short of the author's idea, and fatigues the audience; if, on the other hand, the reader, fearing to tire his listeners, gives all his force to the dramatic passion of the scene, and is so swift in his emotions as to be capable of endless shiftings and transitions, then the absence of action will be the more apparent; and if, with this dread before him, he tries to move here and there, to cross his own path, and to be two or three people at once, then he will be palpably absurd.

It is true that a fine artist may make his audience for the time forget many of these defects, but he never can make dramatic reading—that is, the reading of great dramas—a perfect art. Macready, who read with astonishing effect the tragedies of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet," never would consent to read "Othello," for he said that such quick and complete changes of character and feeling were required between *Othello* and *Iago* that no human reader could ever suggest a just idea of them. And even in his "Hamlet" it must be confessed that his hearers felt the want of *Hamlet's* personal distinction; the other parts seemed comparatively too prominent. The *King* was in himself a perfect work of art; the *Ghost* appalled the imagination, and everybody was important, while the one whose pre-eminence was most desired lost something of his elevation. Macready, aware of all the obstacles inseparable from dramatic reading, more willingly recited Milton than Shakespeare, and with Milton he made his deepest impression, not because he understood Milton better than he understood Shakespeare, as some people used to say, but that Milton's requirements were capable of being wholly fulfilled by a reader, and that Shakespeare's were not.

These remarks are not intended to discourage dramatic readers, but rather to apolo-



gies for shortcomings which are inherent in the art without any fault on the part of the artist. Allowing for inevitable anomalies, dramatic reading may be made very interesting, and by its means a fine performer may suggest ideas of particular scenes or subordinate characters which otherwise could never reach the public; all that is here asserted is the impossibility of the adequate representation of an acting drama by one voice. This is not true of the recitation of poetic narratives; there is no impediment here to a complete artistic beauty, and a sense of entire satisfaction may result from it. But this kind of declamation rarely exalts the mind into the towering state which is induced by the tragedy that goes sweeping by.

A WRITER in *All the Year Round*, discussing various matters pertaining to the theatre, has the following to say about calling authors before the curtain:

The calling for the dramatist of the evening is of foreign origin, as, indeed, are the majority of theatrical honors and compliments. The first dramatist called before the curtain in France was Voltaire, after the production of "Merope;" the second was Marmontel, after the performance of his tragedy of "Dionysius." For some time our English playwrights were content to acknowledge from their private boxes the salutations and congratulations of their audience. What author first stepped from his box to the stage? If his name cannot now be ascertained, at least we have information concerning a dramatist perfectly willing to adopt such a course. To Talfourd, the representation of his dramatic works always afforded intense delight. He would travel almost any distance to see one of his plays upon the boards, no matter how humble the theatre. Macready has left on record curious particulars touching the first representation of "Ion." "Was called for very enthusiastically by the audience, and cheered on my appearance most heartily. . . . Miss Ellen Tree was afterward called forward. Talfourd came into my room and heartily shook hands with me, and thanked me. He said something about Mr. Wallack, the stage-manager, wishing him to go on the stage, as they were calling; but it would not be right. I said, 'On no account in the world.' He shortly left me, and, as I heard, was made to go forward to the front of his box and receive the enthusiastic tribute of the house's grateful delight. How happy he must have been!" In 1838, concerning the first night of Sheridan Knowles's play of "Woman's Wit," Macready writes: "Acted *Walshingham* in a very crude, nervous, unsatisfactory way. Avoided a call by going before the curtain to give out the play; there was very great enthusiasm. Led on Knowles in obedience to the call of the audience." But Knowles was not an author only, he was an actor also—he had trod the boards as his own *Master Walter*, and in other parts, although he was not included in the cast of "Woman's Wit." No doubt, from Macready's point of view, this consideration rendered his case very different from that of Talfourd.

The *National Food and Fuel Reformer* (English) discovers a host of evils that arise from tea-drinking, among them being deafness, blindness, and even consumption:

It is on women—on the mothers of our race—that the evil effects of tea-drinking fall with the greatest weight. How many women,

who think they cannot "get along" a single day without tea, owe to it their cold feet and hands, their liability to frequent colds, their peculiar difficulties, especially their weakening ones, and their habitual loss of appetite, rendering them a prey to "dinner-pills," or the absurdities termed "strengthening medicines," so long in vogue! No wonder that tea-drinkers are so frequently small esters, when their tea has gradually destroyed their appetite! But perhaps the worst use to which tea is applied by women is the practice of drinking copiously of strong tea during pregnancy, with the idea that it will render their milk abundant. A most unfounded, absurd, and disastrous practice. It is alike injurious to the mother and her offspring; and it may originate the hereditary diseases of successive generations—far beyond the third and fourth. According to Dr. William Alcott, one cause of a scrofulous constitution, by inheritance, is to be found in the use of tea by ancestors, and he reasons out the matter on sound physiological principles, observing that whatever weakens the nerves—especially those of the stomach—in a mother, is sure to entail a tendency to disease on her offspring, which will not unfrequently prove to be scrofula, or that dismal and universal disease—tuberculous consumption. There is also reason to infer that much of our modern eye-disease and ear-disease is caused by the tea-drinking habit of our populations. The hearing is affected, at least indirectly, by colds—so much more common than among our forefathers before the introduction of tea. This is an absolute necessity; and it cannot be explained by any change in the climate for the worse; anyhow, the fact is certain, and it is equally certain that the sudden heating produced by tea, as rapidly followed by refrigeration or chill, cannot fail to be a perpetual cause of the affection in question—so often the precursor of consumption.

THE *London World* has grave and, let us say, sensible doubts as to the feasibility of the new suggestion of "lady-helps." Under the title of "Sally in Silk," it discourses as follows:

It was a considerable time before it dawned upon us as possible that the letters recommending us to have our grates blackened by ladies of gentle birth, and to make cook and companion convertible terms, were really written in all seriousness. We have believed them flights of fancy, not indeed especially brilliant or amusing, but still gratifying to the vanity

of their authors by enabling them to appear in print. It seems, however, that we were behind the age; that what we smiled at as a harmless absurdity is really in some instances a positive fact, and that we are open to the possibility of a parlor-maid whose blood is as blue as that of the Knight of Calatrava himself. This, at least, is the ideal presented to our awe-struck imaginations; it is true that, when we descend to particulars, and inquire into hard matters of fact, we soon discover that some of the preachers of the new evangel have somewhat singular ideas as to what the status of a lady really is. . . .

Let us imagine for a moment—for we do not believe, except in the realms of imagination, that such a thing is likely to occur—let us imagine a large household consisting of real ladies and gentlemen. Is it possible to conceive any two people more to be pitied than the master and mistress of such an establishment? Their servants—we humbly apologize, assistants—are their equals; how can they be so rude as to find fault? Miss Matilda is, we conceive, hardly more likely to prove herself immaculately perfect as a house-maid than her humbler prototype Molly; but how can her "mistress-friend," which is the favorite euphemism employed, venture to point out cobwebs, or remark on slovenly work? She would, indeed, be a bold woman if she attempted it. It would, we think, be pretty certain to produce a flood of hysterical tears, and a sobbing protest that the culprit had "never been used to be so spoken to." So the cobwebs would remain unmentioned for fear of another outburst, and raw meat, burnt soup, and flavorless puddings, would also be endured in silence. Imagine, too, the utter loss of privacy; all these "helps," being equals of their employers, must, of course, be accepted as companions, and, after Miss Matilda had condescended to dust the china, or had fatigued herself by half-polishing the fire-irons, she would naturally take her repose on the drawing-room sofa with the last new novel or magazine.

It seems that trading in old artificial teeth is a recognized business in London. We give gratuitous insertion to the subjoined from the advertising column of the *London Daily News*:

**OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH.**—Persons having any to sell can apply, or, if sent by post, their value will be sent per return. Messrs. Browning, 37 Ebury Street, near Victoria Station, London, and 42a, Ship Street, Brighton, "the only purchasers of old teeth." Established twenty years.

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